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The BYSTANDER

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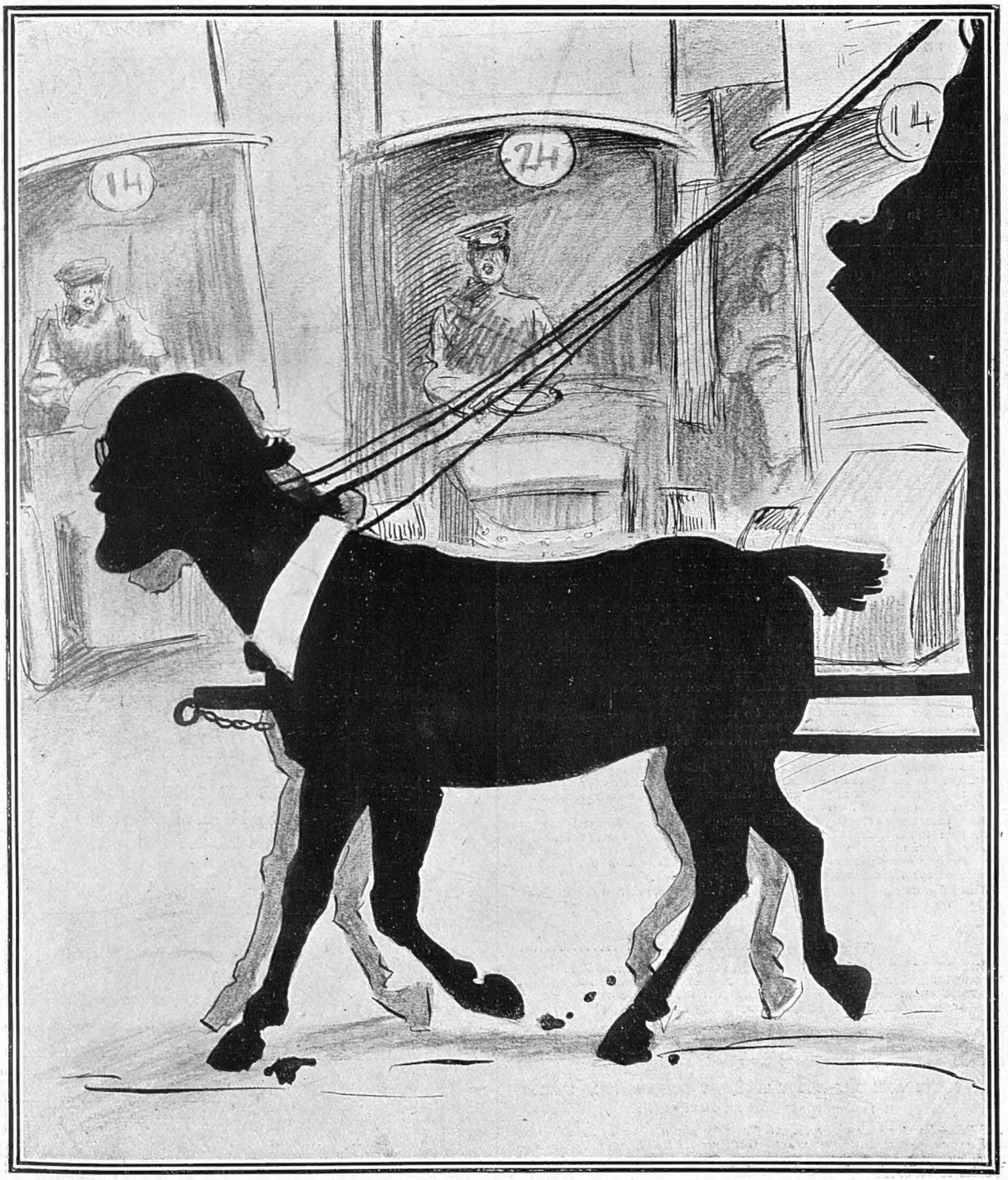

NOT GONE YET—NOR GOING!

Despite prophecies that the end of October would see the last 'bus-horse leave the street, the tenacious quadruped continues in our midst. He is even considered, by certain old-fashioned parties, to be both safer and swifter in the long run than noisy and cumbrous modern rivals

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Some of This Week's Special Features.

DOGS AND THE WOMAN:
THE KENNEL CLUB SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE
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THE AUSTRIAN SUCCESSION
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Is the Public Taste Changing?
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THE DANCERS OF THE MOMENT
Illustrated by Norman Morrow
Pages 238-239

SHORT STORY:
"The Woman's Story," by Gladys Lloyd
Pages 241-244

MOTOR SHOW:
Special 32-pp. Supplement

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—Pistol (*modified*)

Enter, the Durbar

THE DURBAR is beginning to break out in the newspapers. It is to be hoped the preparations for it will not be described, as were those for the Coronation, at such unending length that the ceremony itself, when it happens, will be received with the comment: "Durbar? Dear, dear! I thought it was over long ago." It is because we realise how vastly important an event the Durbar is at this moment of Mohammedan unrest that we are anxious to see avoided a course of Press action that will make the very mention of it a weariness of the flesh. Surely there is enough either going on, or pretending to be going on (for instance, the Turco-Italian war), to engage the prolific pen without the need to steep it in anticipatory Indian ink.

***

A Famine in Princes

NOT only is the centre of the Empire to miss the two leading Royal personages, but it is even to lose the two Serene Highnesses nearest to the shadow of the Throne. The Duke of Teck will be at the Durbar; Prince Alexander left on Saturday for Bangkok to attend the Coronation of the King of Siam; while Prince Francis, of indefatigable hospital fame, is, alas, no more. England is in for a famine of Princes, and one is disposed to question whether that is altogether in the best interests of Monarchy in a democratic age. Imperialists we are to a man, but Royal families are often best kept Royal, and not encouraged to become too Imperial. At least, that seems to be the lesson of history.

APPEARANCES MAY BE DECEPTIVE, BUT—

Mr. Churchill as First Lord of the Admiralty — Looks much happier than did — Mr. Churchill as Home Secretary

***

Back to the Limelight

NO, it is no rustication, this appointment of Winston to the Admiralty. It is rather a recall to the limelight. It is known that he received the Home Office rather as Yuan-Shih-Kai must have received his order to the field against the rebels. Or, to be scriptural, Winston's rôle at the Home Office was rather that of Uriah the Hittite—sent to the forefront of the most dangerous part of the battlefield. Mr. Asquith knew from his Featherstone experience that if you want to restrain the exuberance of too active a colleague, you must send him to the office where he will have the onus of keeping the domestic peace, and the responsibility for the overriding of justice. A popular Home Secretary is a contradiction in terms, and Mr. Churchill's period has been appallingly full of unfortunate occurrences: Tonypandy, the Dartmoor Shepherd, Sidney Street, the Railway Strike—no wonder he is pleased at the prospect of peace in a department of war! As Naval First Lord, on him will devolve the choice of being popular, either (1) as the man who reduced the Naval Estimates, and secured a reduction by Germany, or (2) the man who increased them, and preserved the sceptre of the seas. At the Home Office, he was a loser in all the stakes.

***

Not Gone Yet!

WHAT, Balfour not gone? Really like Charles II., he takes an unconscionably long time dying. While the very elements were muttering B.M.G., B. not only didn't G., but went down to the House, and, in one speech, brought the Government majority down to the sixties. The debate was merely one on procedure, on which question even the Die-Hard Press admits Mr. Balfour to be irreplaceable. But is it not nearly always on some hole-and-corner topic that Cabinets are brought to the dust? It was Cordite, not Home Rule, that killed Liberalism in '95. Who knows that the Liberals of 1911-12 may not (if B. doesn't G.) be brought down on some such question as whether there shall be one or two days' debate on this Clause of that Bill—subtle technicalities which, though never likely to trouble the majestic intellect of an Austen Chamberlain, are nevertheless the stuff of which Parliamentary *coups* are made.

***

Bumbledom Rampant

POOR LIVERPOOL! Henceforth it is to be turned out of its places of refreshment at ten, and to go home to bed like a good town. Early closing may or may not be a good thing in

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You need not be clever, you need, indeed, know hardly anything at all, but, to succeed, to climb the topmost towers of Ilium, you *must have* personality. No man in England in the public eye at the moment has more personality, or more of that quality—charm—which, added to personality, provides the irresistible combination, than Mr. Lloyd George. And as Mr. Lloyd George is the man upon whose shoulders the nation is, apparently, shortly to hang its deepest responsibilities, it's rather interesting that he should have, isn't it?

Personality at the Admiralty

Mr. Winston Churchill, the new First Lord of the Admiralty, becomes, as a rule, once a week at least, the Man of the Moment. Yet one hesitates to ascribe to him personality, for all that he knows to the full, no man better, except, perhaps, the Chancellor, the value of the personal touch. The new First Lord has force, dogmatism, push, audacity—they are American qualities, and he is half-American. Clever sons "feature" their mothers invariably, and one looks in vain in Winston for signs of that charm that distinguished his brilliant father. Better to Mrs. than to Mr. Churchill, I think, can the label of personality be affixed. This charming lady, who, it is to be hoped, will at some time begin to entertain for the good of the party, possesses the important quality in full measure.

And a Premier's Wife

Personality is a dangerous quality in woman, but in no woman as dangerous, perhaps, as in the Premier's wife. Personality positively permeates Mrs. Asquith, but whether because her sympathies are really anti-Liberal or not, or whether because she really has not cared to trouble, she has never made the slightest attempt to adapt her strong personality to the advantage of the party. As to Mrs. Lloyd George, wife of the probable Premier-to-be, no accusation of undue personality has ever been laid at her door. What every woman knows, however, is that two personalities cannot, in comfort, share the same fireside together.

MAX CARICATURED
In the act of preparing to caricature a victim. By X. M. Boulestin
[*Max appears this week, for the first time, in the rôle of a novelist—"Zuleika Dobson"*]

Max Again

It is the quaintest, most modestly conceited, cleanest-cut personality that of which Mr. Max Beerbohm, author of the book of the week, *Zuleika Dobson*, is possessed. Like his new heroine, Max is a little gorgeous, somehow, with a sort of neat gorgeousness of the 'nineties. He is elegant, superficially shy, inwardly not a bit, somewhat on the arrogant side, in fact. Yet I have seen him suffer fools almost patiently, and now he no longer lives "near the Marble Arch," but in lovely Rapallo, and with an American (actress) wife.

MLLE. PAVLOVA, THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN DANSEUSE, AS CARICATURED AT THE RUSSIAN BALLET BY H. M. BATEMAN

The Heroine of the Week

Max's heroine, Zuleika, is, like her name, delicious—a satirical quintessence of all the heroines of all the circulating libraries in the world. Her charms are cataclysmic. Her pearls are so sensitive that their colour changes with her emotions. She has forests of frocks, shiploads of slippers. She is the brainless beauty-woman for whom men down the ages have gladly died or—worse—lived! And her library holds two books—Bradshaw, its cover encrusted in beryls, and an A.B.C. guide, its slip-on embroidered in amethysts, chrysoprases, and garnets.

The Pavlova Personality

The Pavlova is a cult, of course. But she is charming, and as for personality—the Pavlova's leaps the footlights and runs towards you, even at Covent Garden! Even before the great Russian *ballerina* came the Russian Ballet at Covent Garden was the cult of the moment, *the* thing to take your guests on to after dining them at the Ritz. Now it is the rage, and all the world, as well as *the* world, is at the Ballet. Anna Pavlova has temperament, and she can act. Her coyness, her *abandon*, her passion, and her languour are exquisite things. She crosses the stage like a rose-petal blown by the summer wind. She is the most lovely dancer in the world. She is an artist.

The New Countess of Onslow

Photograph *Lafayette*

The new Lady Onslow has been for five years Viscountess Cranley. She is the daughter of Lord Poltimore, who is head of one of the oldest families in Devon. Lady Onslow, who has Sheridan blood in her veins, is one of the growing band of Society ladies who prefer the suburbs for residence, and has a charming house on Hampstead Heath, where the death of the late Earl took place last week. Lord Onslow is the lineal descendant of no fewer than three Speakers of the House of Commons, but has not himself, so far, taken a particularly keen interest in politics

DOGS AND THE WOMAN

THE KENNEL CLUB SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

The Missing Bishop

IT was so wet I fear he didn't, but I would so much have liked the Lord Bishop of London to have looked in at the Kennel Club's Crystal Palace "Coronation" Dog Show last week. Such thousands of little (and big) dogs; such hundreds of little (and big) women, adoring, worshipping, lavishing upon the exhibits a wealth of "tender care" as would surely have warmed the Lord Bishop's highly paternal heart! I saw no babies, certainly. But there were nearly four thousand dogs. And you can't have everything, can you?

MRS. CAMMACK, WITH HER TEAM OF SAMOYEDES, KOSKO, LULU, AND SASHA

War Cries

Woman, being part savage and somewhat coarsely fibred, loves noise for its own sake. She is in her element, therefore, at a dog show in comparison with which the parrot house at the Zoo is a haven of quiet peace. Wild choruses of ear-splitting yaps, deep, hoarse bays, short, sharp barks and raking snaps leave the doggy lady perfectly calm. She adds, indeed, her little share thereto, having always a lot to say, if only on the demerits of the winner. The dog world, I hear, however, is as bad as the stage for back-biting. This is probably caused by the awful noise it has to endure, which must have some sort of undesirable effect on temperament.

The Cult of Cults

Not to possess a dog—two, three, even a dozen dogs—is, of course, in this our day of grace, to put it mildly, unsporting. The dog world was once man's territory, woman being supposed to concern herself with babies alone. But you have only to go to the Dog Show to realise how we've changed all that. Woman has entered the field, and has made it a law of the Medes and Persians that, for the sake of your social credit, you *must* have a dog—or die unsung, unwept, out of "the movement." The cult of the dog, said someone at Sydenham last week, is the biggest "luxury" cult of the day. Far be it from me, however, even to suggest that it takes the place of what the Victorians called "woman's sacred calling."

The Dog-Lover's Toilet

Personally, I confess, I find the doggy lady, as seen at the Crystal Palace last week, not exactly the sort of "wonder and wild delight" one *wants* to assist to callings, sacred or otherwise. Silk and satin, lace and fur, face cream and *poudre d'amour*, are out of place, doubtless, where four thousand dogs are gathered, yapping, for judgment; but certain lady owners always appear overalled and dishevelled or else so coated and skirted as to suggest a morning's beagling.

LADY SAMUELSON

LADY DECIES

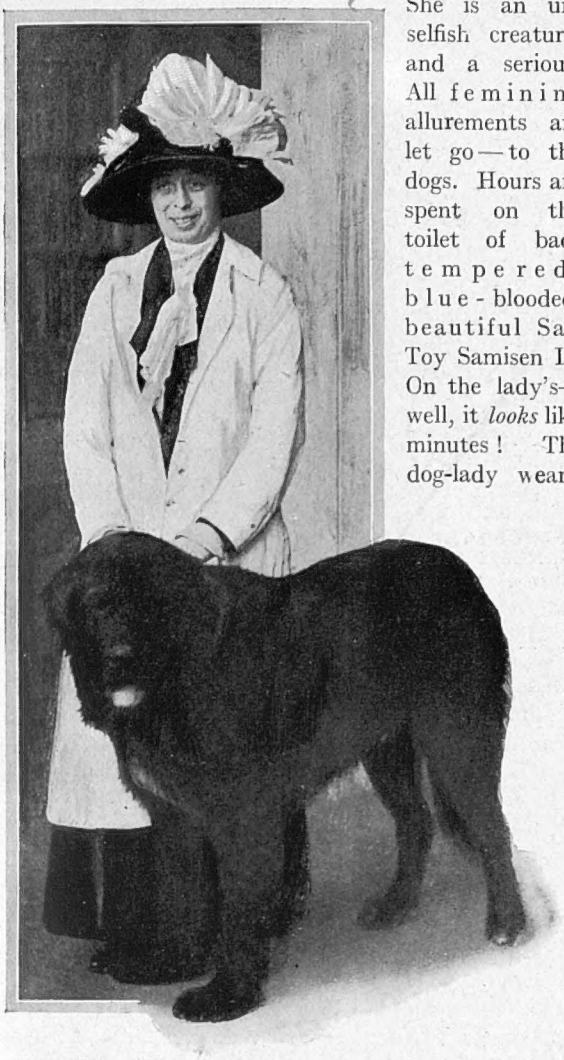
PRINCESS TOUSSOUN

LADY CHARLES BENTINCK

SOME WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY WOMEN AT THE KENNEL CLUB SHOW

Selfless Enthusiasts

The real female dog enthusiast, apparently, has no time to "do" her hair; she is always so busy making fluffier the mass of animated fluff she calls a *dog*. She is an unselfish creature, and a serious. All feminine allurements are let go—to the dogs. Hours are spent on the toilet of bad-tempered, blue-blooded, beautiful San Toy Samisen II. On the lady's—well, it *looks* like minutes! The dog-lady wears,



VISCOUNTESS MALDEN, WITH HER NEWFOUNDLAND, LINGARI CHIEF

indeed, a hurried, harried look, or, at least, she did last week at the Crystal Palace, where I understand "those judges" are always "so trying." Her clothes are often tumbled, and generally *demodé*, and frills are barred lest San Toy Samisen II., in a moment of depression or annoyance, might be tempted to annex them as nourishment. She is also somewhat self-centred—the world's her Toy Pom, so to speak—and is troubled with no superfluity of modesty, knowing well that in the dog world, as in all the others, the prize is to the push ful.

Dogs of the Day

And as for the dogs, dear things, at this the greatest dog show in the world—well, they really were something to enthuse over. Nowhere else could one see such splendid specimens of the pampered canine tribe. Poms held pride of place in numbers as well as noise, and next in order of favour came, I believe, Dachshunds and Great Danes, which, in their turn, were followed by Pekingese, proud creatures of the East, who hide their thoughts from us, but in some way *suggest* that they are not too complimentary; French *bouledogues*, very *chic* and of the *belle laide* type, with funny little ears always a-cock; bloodhounds, chows, fox and Irish terriers, retrievers, spaniels, blood and wolf hounds.

Exhibitors

A well-known exhibitor was the Duchess of Teck, who shows the latest thing in terriers, called Sealyhams; Lady Aberdeen and Lady Alexander sent Skye terriers, and other well-known dog-fanciers who all had exhibits, and mostly put in an appearance, included the Duchess of Newcastle, Lady Samuelson, Lord Vivian, Lord Kensington, Dowager Lady Decies, Mary Duchess of Hamilton, and Lady Sophie Scott.

Labels

There's a good deal in a name, Shakespeare notwithstanding, at the Crystal Palace, anyway. "Mister Wug," "Winky Wog," and "Tip Taps" attracted by their labels as much as anything. So did "Merry Mite," "Saucy Atom," "Mighty Ditto," "Nipper's Own," "Kingsweir Glow-worm," and "Baby Birdie," while, whether one wants to or not, one perforce casts a weary eye on objects so elegantly christened as "Pride of Sussex," "Champion Duchess of Nona," "Falcon Laddie," "Rosary of Boscobel" (a pug of the puggiest!), "Stray Park Senora," and "Yung Chu-erh of Bragwich." It's a killing experience—a day at the Dog Show, but I think, very nearly, it's worth it. I came away from the Crystal Palace last week with a racked head; otherwise, however, overcome, positively overcome, with wonder and admiration for the huge strength the cast-iron stand - *anything* - for - dear - Fido strength of nerve of the dog-fancying woman.

MISS BARBARA CLARE, WITH HER WHITE SAMOYEDE, WINKIPOP

THE Austrian Succession

Pertinent Reflections on Last Month's Imperial Wedding

GROUP AT THE WEDDING OF THE ARCHDUKE KARL FRANZ JOSEF OF AUSTRIA TO THE PRINCESS ZITA OF PARMA ON THE 21st ULT.

Right to Left: The Bride, the Bridegroom, Kaiser Franz Josef, Archduchess Maria Josefa (mother of bridegroom), Archduke Franz Ferdinand (heir-apparent), the expression on whose countenance will be noted with interest, Duchess Marie Antonie von Bourbon-Parma (mother of bride)

A Bride That Might Have Been

THE marriage of the young Austrian Archduke Karl Franz comes as a welcome change after the Morocco complications and the Italo-Turkish war. For many years the young Archduke was spoken of as a probable consort for the Princess Louise, daughter of the German Emperor. Whether the marriage was actually proposed to the Kaiser or not we cannot say for certain, but it is extremely probable, and the Kaiser's refusal throws some light on his future relations with the Austrian Court. The Kaiser has only one daughter; but it is an open secret he is determined that daughter shall be Queen or Empress, or both. Why, then, if the young Archduke Karl Franz is to become an Emperor and King, should the Kaiser have forbidden the marriage?

"Cherchez la Femme"

Round the morganatic marriage of the present heir to the throne, Francis Ferdinand, turns a most interesting situation. On the Archduke's deep attachment for his "unroyal" wife depends the future foreign policy of the Empire and also its internal policy. *Cherchez la femme* may well be given as the reason for all the Archduke's actions—anonymous and public.

Kaiser Wilhelm's Way

At the time when the Bosnian annexation became a *fait accompli*, Austria, tired of receiving instructions from the Wilhelmstrasse, for once dictated her own foreign policy. It was a rupture with Germany, and would have continued to be a rupture had the Powers acted as Austria supposed. Then the Kaiser saw his chance. Austria must not be allowed to go astray again. The German Emperor sought an opportunity to rivet her into the Alliance, and particularly to Germany, and found nothing better than to strike the Crown Prince's *côte faible*, as the French would say—the Archduke's morganatic wife.

Coaxing an Archduke

At all costs, he said to himself, I must have the friendship of the Archduke, and I'll leave no stone unturned to get it. When the Austrian heir to the throne went to shoot with him, he received him with almost American magnificence; a new bathroom was built for him, new electric light installed, and last, but not least, a telephone in his private apartment. Francis Ferdinand, possibly flattered by such attention, may have returned the Kaiser's forgiving and friendly attitude by taking him into his confidence. He may have told him of his intention of having his morganatic wife crowned Empress of Austria, as well as Queen of Hungary, and particularly Bohemia. At any rate, at the next interview the Kaiser had with his late uncle, King Edward, he declared his intention at the death of the aged Emperor of Austria of recognising the Duchess von Hohenberg as Empress and Queen.

Succession "Laws"

It will be remembered that when the Archduke Francis Ferdinand visited the Emperor in Berlin, he was accompanied by his wife, who was received by the German Emperor as Crown Princess of Austria. It will also be remembered that the Archduke Francis Ferdinand was to have represented the Emperor of Austria at the Coronation of King Edward. As it was decided that the Duchess Hohenberg could not take Royal rank, Francis Ferdinand transferred to his now recognised successor the privilege of representing the Austro-Hungarian Empire. As long as the aged Emperor reigns there will be no change in the existing "laws of succession," which "laws of succession," let it be said, are not laws at all, only a form of etiquette which can be changed by the reigning Sovereign in conjunction with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who, in Austria, acts as a kind of Chamberlain at the same time. The Sovereign, however, is generally influenced in a question of this sort by public opinion, or rather, I should say, he would hardly consider himself justified in acting in dead opposition to public opinion.

The Invisible Duchess

As things now stand, the Archduke Karl Franz is next heir to the throne, and he performs the automaton duties attached to his high position with more grace and charm than it is usual to find in the person of an Austrian Archduke. The children of

In Troubled Northern Africa

Photographs *Boyer*

The Arab, who has come so much before the public eye since the outbreak of the Turco-Italian War, claims descent from Ishmael. He has many virtues, despite the fact that he is often rapacious and cruel. He is sharp-witted courageous, temperate, hospitable, and his faith in his religion is boundless. His women-folk do the work, keep the house, and educate the children. The top picture shows Arab girls spinning and carding wool for carpets, while the other depicts Arabs praying, which they are bound by their religion to do five times a day. The photographs were taken at Tunis

the heir to the throne never appear, nor does their mother, the Duchess von Hohenberg, and she wisely refuses all invitations which have been given to her since her elevation to the title of Duchess.

A Woman of Power

If ever a woman played her cards well, it is Sophia Chotek, ex-lady-in-waiting to the Archduchess Gabrielle, future Empress of Austria. Europe scarcely yet knows of her existence. She is in seclusion, therefore she cannot be in evidence; but the day will come when novel-writers and historians will weave romances round this remarkable woman—remarkable and dangerous, for what can be more dangerous to the safety of a nation than an Empress with power and no responsibility? Already the future Empress has had a great influence over her husband. From a devoted Catholic, taking little or no interest in his country, he has become a student of politics and men, and in Hungary every move on the political chess-board is put to his account.

"THE INVISIBLE DUCHESS": MORGANATIC WIFE OF THE AUSTRIAN HEIR-APPARENT

The Duchess von Hohenberg, the morganatic wife of Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria, is known as "the invisible Duchess," as her position precludes her being seen in Society. It is not improbable, however, that her husband will be strong enough to make her in time the legitimate Empress of Austria

An Oath and Its Value

But what about the oath not to tamper with the succession that the heir to the throne took at the time of his marriage. Only Rome can absolve him from that oath, and it is a general secret in his Empire that Rome has done so already in return for the promise of allegiance. And with that statement we have the proof of how the morganatic marriage of the Archduke will influence the home politics. The Catholic party will be all powerful, probably, right through his reign, just as the German Emperor will be a dictator of foreign policy—both in return for recognising the future Empress. The young bridegroom, Karl Franz, is quite popular in Austria-Hungary. He sings well, he dances well, and he rides with all the excellence of the Austrian Royal family. What more is necessary? When the Czechs became more discontented than usual and exclaimed with double emphasis against the manner in which they were neglected by the reigning House, he was sent to Prague, the old palace opened, and receptions given, but the monotony of it all, and the triple-bound etiquette were intensely boring to him, and so he begged and succeeded in getting himself removed to his beloved Tyrol.

Acting as Empress

The new bride belongs to the House of Parma, which has been so useful in supplying brides for various Royalties. She is quite popular; like her husband, a first-class horsewoman, a singer, and a dancer. Again, I ask, what more is necessary? For the time being she will act as Empress in the place of her husband's aunt. She may enjoy it, for a young Empress is usually popular and very welcome, or she may be very glad when the time comes to hand over the reins to the Duchess von Hohenberg.

FROM ARCHDUKE TO PRIVATE GENTLEMAN

THE ARCHDUKE FERDINAND KARL AND HIS FIANCEE, BERTHA CZUBER

Bertha Czuber is the daughter of Professor Czuber, of the Vienna Technical Institute, and the Archduke Ferdinand Karl is renouncing his title in order to marry her. The Austrian Emperor is said to have consented to the match. The Archduke is the Austrian Emperor's younger nephew, and brother of the heir-presumptive. He will be known as Ferdinand Burg

En Route to Delhi

THE COUNTESS OF PORTARLINGTON : A PENCIL STUDY BY OLIVE SNELL

Lady Portarlington, sketched above in fancy dress by Olive Snell, recently sailed for Delhi to attend the great Durbar. She is the eldest child of Mr. G. S. Yuill, and married the youthful Earl of Portarlington in 1907

THEATRICAL ART AND COMMERCE

IS THE PUBLIC TASTE CHANGING?

Photograph Ellis and Walery
MR. GRANVILLE BARKER

Photographs
MR. DENNIS EADIE

Ellis and Walery
MR. J. E. VEDRENNE

MR. ALFRED WAREING

Four Pioneers of the Intellectual Drama, Mr. Wareing in Glasgow and the others in London. Signs are not wanting that the artistic ideals of these gentlemen will shortly meet with a measure of support from the general body of the public that, successful as they are now, will surprise them. "Jingle's" article comments on the sudden and surprising improvement in the public's taste in entertainment. Is Art going to pay at last?

THERE is a suspicion abroad that the drama in London is out of date; that our leading managers, with few exceptions, do not move with the times. The motor-car and the flying-machine have done something more than revolutionise modes of transit. With more rapid means of locomotion our environment has changed; and when the environment changes, human character often changes as well. We have new thoughts, and new ways of expressing them; and these changes seem to be reflected in the taste for amusement. It is, I think, worthy of note that a play by Mr. George Bernard Shaw, *Fanny's First Play*, has run for more than two hundred consecutive nights. Such a thing has, I believe, never happened to any of Mr. Shaw's works before. Further, another play by Mr. Shaw, which was formerly only given an occasional and quite brief appearance, *Man and Superman*, is running at the Criterion Theatre with every prospect of happy longevity. Again, prompted, no doubt, by the success of the revival of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, Sir George Alexander has revived another of Oscar Wilde's plays, *Lady Windermere's Fan*.

It would seem from the popularity of Shaw and Wilde that the public are beginning to ask for something better in the way of drama than has hitherto been supplied them. After all, the change had to come sooner or later, and we know that even a worm will turn. The vogue of the modern newspaper has, for one thing, created a public that can be amused at something else besides the unromantic commonplaces of life. The ordinary man who knows nothing of foreign politics can nowadays regale himself in the train on the way to the City with intelligible particulars of the war in China or the latest Bulgarian atrocity. His horizon has been extended, and the good work is often facilitated by his morning paper, which does part of his thinking for him, just as the patent breakfast foods are brought to table partly digested. No man has an excuse to remain in ignorance of the people of other lands when his morning paper assures him that Italy is a country in the South of Europe, and the natives of Italy are called Italians; or that the Turks are natives of Turkey, and are not Christians, and, therefore, do not indulge in alcoholic liquors.

It is true, of course, that playwrights of Mr. Bernard Shaw's calibre do not grow on every tree; but Mr. Frohman (who is, I believe, an American), in his recent mission to our poor benighted land, made a very respectable show with authors like Mr. John Galsworthy and Mr. Granville Barker. And Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie, at their own Repertory Theatre, have promised us a programme which should do something to satisfy the demand for a play that has kept pace with the intellectual development of the times. It is no secret that Mr. Frohman's splendid venture at the Duke of York's Theatre was, to say the least, an unremunerative one—speaking in terms of vulgar cash. But it has to be remembered that the idea of a Repertory Theatre is still new to London. Londoners are so used to associating long runs with great merit that, when a play is announced as appearing for a week only, they take it for granted that it is not worth seeing anyhow. Cases have been known, however, where, in deference to the popular wish (or the promise of a spot-cash profit), a play put up for a short run has had its life extended with much advantage to all concerned, the public included. There is no reason at all why London should not have its Repertory Theatre, when lesser cities, such as Manchester and Glasgow, proudly boast of such institutions. Of course, provincial cities are likely to take more kindly to Repertory Theatres because they have long been accustomed to short runs by the travelling companies that visit them. A play that appears in the provinces for positively one week only is not establishing a new order of things; in London it is creating a revolution. But we are having so many revolutions in these days, and it does not seem at all difficult to get used to them.

JINGLE

Owing to the indisposition of our contributor—
"JOURNEYMAN,"
his article is suspended for this issue

A Woman Leader

OF THE MOVEMENT ON BEHALF OF THE INTELLECTUAL DRAMA

Photograph *Ellis and Walery*

MISS LILLAH McCARTHY, WHO IS TO PLAY IN "THE WAR GOD" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

She is the wife of Mr. Granville Barker, and is the present manageress of the Little Theatre. Miss McCarthy has done more than any woman member of her profession for the Intellectual Drama. Since she has leased the Little Theatre she has produced plays of a high order, with very great success. "The War God," by Israel Zangwill, is being produced by Sir Herbert Tree at matinées

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

"PYTHON in Splints!" was a headline in a recent contemporary. For a moment we thought this was picturesque journalese, and meant that the Halsbury Club really had got Mr. Balfour in its grip at last.

* * *

A further reading showed that the heading referred to the great python at the Zoo which recently fractured its jaw and had to be bandaged. "With its head free again," went on the writer of the article, "the python was in the best of spirits, and celebrated the occasion by swallowing a duck."

* * *

So that, after all, first impressions were not so mistaken. If we consider Mr. Balfour as the great python of the Political Zoo, things not dissimilar may happen when he gets his head free again. A duck or two will certainly be swallowed—not to mention several young geese.

Diner: "What have you got?"
Waiter: "I've got calves' liver, sheep's brains, pig's feet, ——"
Diner (witheringly): "I don't want a list of your physical peculiarities. All I want to know is what you've got to eat"

By Hebblethwaite

It is "as a Christmas present" that the workers of Great Britain are to receive Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Bill. The knowledge that they can choose their own doctors and have pretty well any medicine they fancy provided free by the State should encourage the workers of Great Britain to have a particularly merry and convivial Christmas.

* * *

Modern civilisation seems bent on looking to the welfare of revellers in general. The Brothers Wright even claim that they have invented a machine which will give automatic balance. It should prove a boon to diners-out.

* * *

Critics have been very down on the Chinese War Office because some of the shells used by their army in a recent engagement were found afterwards to have been made of painted wood. Those in favour of conscription, however, maintain that the War Office which paints wood to resemble shells is no worse than the War Office which dresses Territorials to resemble soldiers.

* * *

As a matter of fact, the painted wooden shells really seem to reflect the greatest credit on Chinese artists. They undoubtedly alarmed the Revolutionaries, even if they did not hurt them, and many people are of opinion that if some of our own R.A.'s would devote themselves to this useful form of work they would thereby achieve at least as great an immortality as threatens them at present.

* * *

It is stated that Prince Humbert of Piedmont, the eight-year-old heir to the Italian throne, is enthusiastic about the war, and has transformed his nursery into a battlefield, the floor being constantly covered with fallen Turks. This is painful news, and proves conclusively either that the youthful Prince is of a Jingo nature, or else that he has not in his reading come across a little work called, "The Great Illusion," by Mr. N. Angell.

* * *

In spite of the fact that the findings of the Railway Commission have failed to satisfy the Trades Unions, there is still hope that a general railway strike may be averted. The hope is strengthened by the behaviour of the Postmaster-General, who has not as yet counselled the public to begin sending off Christmas parcels, if they are wanted to arrive in time for Christmas.

After This—Christmas!

THE PERTURBED TURKEY

BY J. A. SHEPHEARD

PARIS SHOWS

et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

I WAS reading the other day of the rogues and vagabonds of the Press. I don't mean journalists; I mean dramatic authors. And as most of the dramatic authors whom I know in Paris lead the happiest lives imaginable, and simply roll in motor-cars and money, I was a little bit impressed. The French author of plays has only recently begun to realise what foreign countries mean to him. To begin with, he is never content to sell the foreign rights of his work unless he gets money down. He is not content with money down either. He will ask for anything from £300 to £600, or even more, and this sum which the, say, English manager loses if the play be a failure, does not buy the property outright, but is on account of a percentage of about 7½ per cent. on the gross receipts.

Dramatic Authors' Fees, Now—

AND when a play is a success in Paris it does not in the least follow that it will be a success in London. This does not worry the French author. He takes his money on the strength of his Paris success, and if London does not like his play the poor adaptor "gets it in the neck." But let us be cheerful. I merely mentioned the high prices which the French dramatist of to-day gets for his work because I came across a letter written in Paris in 1879, in which the author of a little play complains about the sum which he is offered for it. Let me read you some bits of the letter: "You asked me to write this play for you, and although I am very busy with other matters I have done so because of my anxiety to enter into business relations with your firm. I have worked on the play for two months, I have practically rewritten it because you asked me to, and you offer me £2. I get almost as much for a story. Now, I am very sure that if the play be acted I can get £20 or £24 in a theatre. Of course, I should have some difficulty in getting it played, and, therefore, I shall ask you to pay me £4 for my little play instead of £2. If it be played I shall get a little more money from the theatre, and not ask any more from you."

—And Thirty Years Ago

Photograph *Bert*

A PARISIAN VESTA TILLEY

Mlle. Bordoni, who has scored a great personal triumph in the Revue at the Théatre des Capucines, Paris

I DARESAY you are wondering why these sordid details as to whether the price of a play should be £2 or £4 should be of interest. They are of interest because the writer of the letter from which I have quoted signs himself "Guy de Maupassant." There is a good deal of difference between the prices earned for his work by Guy de Maupassant and those earned by the French author of to-day, and yet since Maupassant wrote that pathetic little letter only thirty-two years have gone by.

A Comparison

YOU may have heard, in London, of an institution known as "Lockhart's." Now, Paris has its Lockhart's, too, and these are called "Les Bars Biard." There are no doors; you walk straight in from the street, out of the slush and livid grey twi-darkness of the early morning. You have been up all night. You walk into the bright light of the public-house without its sordid horror. There is alcohol here, too. You can get a glass of brandy for a penny; but, best of all, you can get steaming hot coffee, and excellent coffee, for twopence a cup, and rolls and butter, and food of various kinds, and tea, and other creature comforts. The floor is plain wood with some sawdust upon it. There are a few chairs and a few small tables. But these are little used. The principal attraction is "Le Zinc," a great round bar, the top of which is zinc-covered. Inside this are a man and woman hard at work serving what they have to sell, and outside the zinc counter stands a cinematograph film of nightbird Paris. Down at the far corner is a young working man in dirty blue overalls. He is just up and on his way to work, and looks it. Next to him is a whey-faced worm in evening dress. He is one of the leisure rich; he has spent the night in Montmartre, and looked in at the Bars Biard for a joke, which he has not the brains to appreciate. And then in your ear sounds a voice from cross-Channel: "Lor lumme! Good ole 'Ide Park Corner! 'Ere, miss, let's 'ave two pen'orth o' your strongest cawfee, and a doorstep of curranty cike." *L'agence* cook has invaded the Boulevard, as usual, and the voice of the Cockney is loud *chez* Biard.

Lockhart's in Paris

Over the Hills and Far Away

THE MODERN MARINER FLYING FROM A STORM IN THE ALPS

BY CHAS. R. SYKES

Registered design]

The Bystander in Berlin

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW

"It's Old"

A PLEASING sign of Germany's progress in culture is her new love for the old. Only twenty years ago, superior Germans rejected the ancient with scorn. They liked new-laid furniture with shiny planes which breathed the warning *frisch gestrichen*; chocolatey nigger statues on bright pedestals; and clean alabaster widows' heads with perforated lace mob-caps. If you showed them a Trecento shrine, or a Tanagra figurine, or a Georgian warming-pan, they smiled not without virtuosity, but said, in the tone of a nubile girl introduced to a wizened Crœsus: "It's old."

"New" Antiques

TO-DAY, as a result of mounting wealth and forty volumes of Ranke, Germans turn to the immemorial past; and here, naturally, as elsewhere, surpass that feckless antiquary *der Brite*. While the uncultured *Brite* purchases genuinely old things or good frauds which deceive all except experts (and his wife), the German amateur antiquary seeks out old things which are unimpeachably new. He likes his antiques neat, as correct machinery provides; bids worm-holes made with a shot-gun be stuffed with wax at the Vandal shooter's cost; and if by chance the things be really time-worn, redeems their offence with a stain called *schwarz antique*. Likewise, he avoids the spleenful, monotonous British way of getting things to match. So far from holding that crabbed age and youth cannot live together, he aims to join them in decent wedlock; indeed, his architecture, internal decoration, and plastic art everywhere display this characteristic *echt-deutsch* trait.

Berlin's Whiteley's

MOST of all he loves old-new metal-work of stamped-out wrought-iron. In union the ancient design and flawless finish are pleasing. He realises the Grecian precept that nothing is too base for the artist's hand. Hence everything is decorated, intense, and significant almost to apocalyptics. His mere dining-room chandelier, swinging on grim mediæval chains, recalls a Nurnberg Castle torture engine burnished with the latest martyr's blood. It was here men first divined the charm of pitted gargoyles on corset shops, and guessed that pleasing relief could be given to brand new stucco fronts by artificially eroded small-pox-eaten statues. Berlin's Whiteley's itself is so achieved. In this handsome, dignified, solid edifice, all mass glass and brass, the builder—they say with Imperial inspiration—saw a remediable flaw. The façade was bare. So everywhere around the doorways he projected deeply pitted statues with battered jaws. Admirers say that the owner's zeal for the antique was curbed by no huckster's parsimony. Despite double cost, they boast, the statues were originally built with Praxitilean noses, and then restored to antiquity by bombardment with iron bolts.

ROYAL MOTORING ENTHUSIASTS

Prince and Princess Eitel Frederick of Germany arriving at the Automobile Exhibition at Berlin. Prince Eitel is the second son of the German Emperor, and married, in 1906, the Duchess of Oldenburg

Some Specimens

THAT this antiquity wins is shown by a second Berlin Whiteley's, down Wittenbergplatz way, with handsome antique lamp-reflectors of bronze, half with the pleasing patina that naturally grows thereon. Lest laymen think the patina comes from dirt, it is made of shining green porcelain and affixed in thick slabs. Some Berlin artists seek imagery in ages remoter still; and Guentzelstrasse, in the prosperous West End, where the Berlin Bystander resides—(since he began to represent us.—ED.)—has a flat-house which smells of Eternity itself. From its otherwise undistinguished walls project isolated stucco stones, each stamped with a stucco fossil. There are a fossil fern, a fossil lizard, a fossil ganoid fish, and a fossil pterodactyl. The house is an informing kindergarten lesson on Life in the Primæval World.

"God be Thanked!"

Five years ago all things domestic were *art nouveau* or *echt modern*, or wobbly, bloodless Secession tricked with green beads on strings. To-day, "under English influence," says the eclectic *Tageblatt*, the workshops vomit bulging Renaissance cabinets, imitation Early Victorian Biedermayer, with black-leaded epaulets, and sticky Gothic cupboards, which the usually temerarious housefly prudently avoids. It is not merely German honesty which forbids attempts to conceal their newness. They are not wanted old. For there are few Germans who—having read the amusing booklet, *Herr Gruen und Herr von Marschall*—do not echo the reproof to the snuffy antiquary Marschall from the Herr Assessor's wife: "You inherited your pictures from your grandfather, the Privy Councillor. We, *gott sei Dank*, are able to buy our own."

The D... of the ...

BY FRAN...

TO those interested in dancing the reappearance of the Russian Ballet has been the event of the month. Unfortunately, the only novelty they have produced so far is not at all satisfactory. As a composer nobody takes Adams seriously nowadays, and his music to "Giselle" is not likely to mend matters. Nor does the ballet itself seem good enough to reconcile our ears to his tinkling commonplaces. Practically all the action takes place in the first act, for, to all intents and purpose, the second is a mere *divertissement* danced by female ghosts, each fortunate enough to have carried a *tutu* to the grave with her. Had it not been for the amazing pantomimic skill of Madame Karsavina in the first act and the beautiful dancing of everybody all through, "Giselle" would, I fancy, have emptied the house.

A Perfect Ballet

For my part, I am convinced that the most extraordinary thing the Russians have yet given us is "Scheherazade." It is barbarous, sensual; it may boast all the vices—but as a work of art it is supreme. To begin with, the action never stops from the rise to the fall of the curtain, and yet time is given for the proper development of music and dance; the scenery, the costumes, the colouring are exquisite; the performance, particularly on the part of M. Nijinsky, is wonderful; and Rimsky-Korsakoff's music, which inspired the whole creation, seems to me to be the finest work of one of the greatest of modern composers. For pure effectiveness it could not be surpassed, and, from the strictly musical point of view, the originality of the themes and the boldness of the treatment place it in the highest rank. In short, "Scheherazade" is perfect. More I cannot say—indeed, I fear that the patience of my readers, like my stock of laudatory adjectives, must be quite exhausted already.

A Word to the "Empire"

Frankly, it is a long time since I have been so disappointed with any entertainment as with the new ballet at the Empire. I can find in it neither poetry, nor originality, nor any great merit. On the night I was present Mdlle. Kyasht could not dance, owing to illness, and no understudy appeared to take her place (the absence of the principal character making, apparently, no difference to the "plot"), Miss Bedells never had a fair chance to do anything bad or good, and Mr. Farren wasted his great talent in a lot of antics as ugly as they were difficult. Of course, it is not to be expected that the Empire management should give us a "Sylvia" or a "Coppélia" every year, but I cannot help feeling that it must be bad policy in the long run to

THE RUSSIAN BALLET...
AT COVENT GAR...

ancers Moment.

IS TOYE

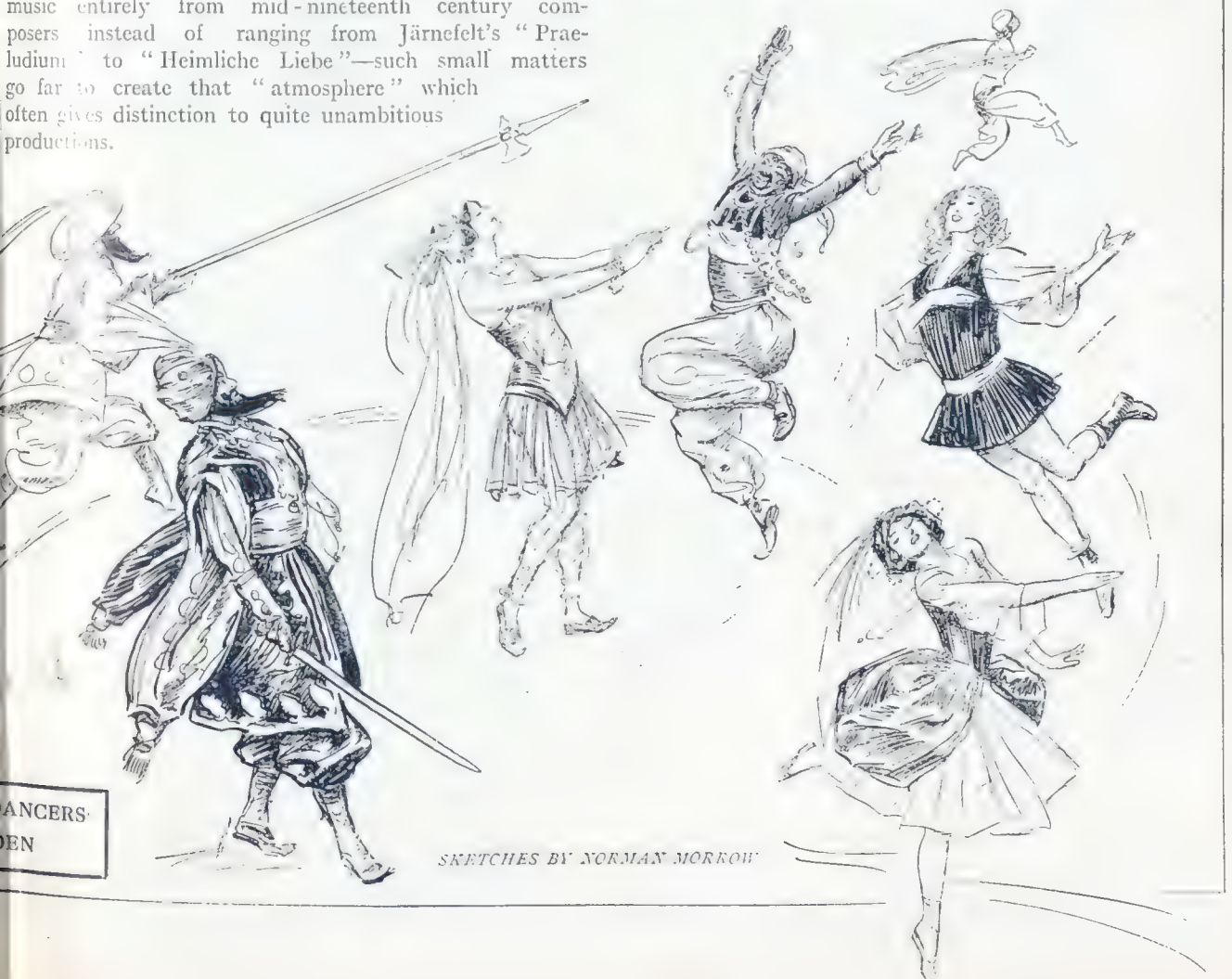
descend to the level of "New York," whatever immediate success such a production may enjoy with the less intelligent public. Without entering into competition with operatic ballets it should be possible for our large variety houses to evolve a form of dance-entertainment of infinitely greater artistic worth, with a seasoning of that originality which, managers and their satellites notwithstanding, nearly always pleases an English audience.

"1830" at the Alhambra

The Alhambra, at least, seems to know its true interests better. The new ballet, "1830," in spite of obvious defects, has real charm and some style. It was well done, too. Much of the *ensemble* work at the beginning of the third scene was quite good, and as for the Beaudelairian Miss Greville Moore, who looked as if she had jumped straight out of a frame at the Salon des Artistes Indépendants, she was excellent in a style of dancing I happen to dislike. I cannot help regretting, however, that Mr. Byng should not have seen his way to select the music entirely from mid-nineteenth century composers instead of ranging from Järnefelt's "Praeludium" to "Heimliche Liebe"—such small matters go far to create that "atmosphere" which often gives distinction to quite unambitious productions.

Miss Pelly's Achievement

Even in such a brief review as this it would not be fair to omit all mention of the dances in "Rip Van Winkle" arranged by Miss Ina Pelly. The dancers represent Rip's five senses, his worst enemies according to the author. Miss Pelly has contrived to represent the different temptations with great skill, though, with one exception, she is not too well served by her interpreters. Indeed, it is rare to find dances with so much character, so well conceived and executed, expressing their meaning with such perfect clearness in so short a time. Miss Pelly's achievement is quite remarkable, and suggests to me that, did we but have the advantage of a good school of dancing, not to speak of an annual subsidy of two million roubles, we might in twenty years beat the Russians at their own game. For the Russian Ballet is but a triumph of school. Its æsthetic basis is certainly not perfect, though it has been responsible for one or two things perfect in their own way. MM. Bakst and Fokine have undoubtedly raised the decorative side of dancing to a height never before attained. Indeed, as an appeal to the senses, their productions are not to be excelled, but as an appeal to the soul they are deficient. Yet, as long ago as the eighteenth century, Noverre set this ideal before the dance. It still awaits fulfilment—and why not in the hands of those who have been called the most spiritual nation in Europe?



ANCERS
DEN

SKETCHES BY NORMAN MORROW

Dusky Dancers at the Palace Theatre

Photographs

ARAWA MAORIS IN A CANOE DANCE AND IN FULL DRESS

Langfier, 23, Old Bond St.

IWA, THE CHIEF SINGER OF THE TROUPE

The songs and dances by the troupe of Maoris, headed by the sweet-voiced Iwa, have proved so popular at the Palace Theatre that their engagement has been indefinitely prolonged. The dances are weird yet fascinating, and totally different from anything yet seen in London. The cloak worn by Iwa in the right-hand photograph is made entirely from feathers from the Kiwi bird (now extinct), and is handed down from generation to generation

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE WOMAN'S STORY

BY GLADYS LLOYD

CONCERNING A NOVEL THAT TOLD THE TRUTH

THE Kinleys had chosen a curious little flat for their first adventure in housekeeping. John Kinley, a novelist, said that it inspired him; the surroundings were so French. Certainly, Cheniston Gardens was full of surprises. There was not much space, but then love's solitude *à deux* scorns a vacuum.

The front room was panelled with white mouldings, gay with smiling mirrors. Folding doors of chaste design gave on a tiny bedroom, an antechamber by day, with the bed transformed into a divan, orientalised with rugs, and demurely ensconced against the wall. A tiny corkscrew staircase wound its way from the centre of the diminutive hall to a second bedroom, larger, but similarly furnished. The back of the flat looked on gardens enriched with the turf of centuries, where beech trees, efflorescing above black, straight trunks, shaded the closely shaven lawns.

Fenella Kinley was proud of her husband. His writing-desk in one corner of the little white drawing-room was sacred to his work, zealously guarded by a quaint Chinese god, snugly hidden as mascot in one of the numerous pigeon-holes. Even the servant might not touch this hallowed spot. Every morning Fenella herself dusted the writing-pad, the quills, the pen-rack, and all the little nothings that writers gather round them as familiar objects to feast their eyes upon and stimulate their lagging imaginations.

Fenella did not love her husband, but she adored his genius. She always saw him with that disfiguring halo of genius above his brow. She was watching him now, the little man with rather high forehead and tender lips, who invariably sat on a chair with legs humped up as though it were an office stool.

Beauty on her side—genius on his. Twin magnets that had served to draw two hearts together. Some day they would grope out towards each other's real minds. Then they might love.

Fenella brought her husband a cup of tea to the corner where he worked. Kissing would have disturbed the thread of his reflections, so she patted his shoulder affectionately. This was part of her routine. He nodded his head in acknowledgment of her thoughtfulness while the slow scratching of his pen mingled with the hissing of the tea-kettle. The atmosphere of domestic harmony was broken by a sudden movement on the part of John Kinley, the throwing of a quill in the fireplace, the impatient wheeling round of the little humped-up figure. His face showed severe mental strain in its unnatural grey pallor.

He fidgeted nervously with his tea-cup, gazing appealingly at his wife the while.

"We have three-and-sixpence in the house," she remarked in quiet, level tones, as though in response to some mute inquiry.

"I can't work. It's the heat. I tell you my mind's a blank." He spoke jerkily in the tone of one who wishes to ward off some disagreeable sensation.

"Why don't you rough out a duologue or a landscape sketch?"

"I have written on every shrub, sunset, flower, and season that Nature has ever known."

"Write a child's story."

"I can't!"

"Or a sentimental love tale."

"I have written them *ad nauseam*." He ran his fingers desperately through his thick, dark-brown hair as though to massage his brains into obedience. "We have got to face it, Fenella; I have written myself out!"

The sudden silence that greeted this remark made him glance at his wife. The strange expression on her face riveted the novelist's attention. There was something barbaric, it seemed to him, in the glitter of her dark-blue eyes, the set arch of her usually mobile mouth. He had married her for her beauty, so, man-like, he resented any variation in its expression. She leant forward impulsively, her hand just touching his projecting knee.

"Write about life," she almost hissed.

"I have!"

"Bah! Food for babes! What do you, a mere boy, know of life, of anything beyond mere existence? The sickly sentiment that is the inheritance of the penny novelette. There's no money in it; a girl's thoughts, even *à la* Marie Bashkirtseff, are not marketable nowadays. Life, I say, glowing, natural, reckless! I will help you."

"You!"

She was close to him now in the ardour of her sudden resolve. He could see her bosom heaving, her dark eyes flashing as she bade him imperiously take up his pen and write.

"I know life." A world of experience was concentrated in the one short phrase. She clasped her hands over her heart, and all unseen by her husband, a spasm of pain crossed her face. "Quick! Write!"

"I can't think."

"I will think for you. See!" She knelt down beside the desk, drew his hands towards her and pressed them to her throbbing forehead. "I tell you it is all here—here. You must, you shall succeed. I will lay bare to you a woman's soul; her innermost life. All true, I swear it. Listen!"

And for an hour and a half, now kneeling beside the desk, now walking the room like a caged lion, or standing beside the open window as though seeking air, in broken sentences, in jerky outbursts of passion, in moments of almost unnatural, emotionless calm, she told the story of a woman's life. And in the pauses could be heard the scratching of the quill taking down the terrible words with cruel exactness.

When Fenella finished the recital, and saw the neat pages of MSS. laid out on the oak shelf, courage forsook her. She made a swift movement, her hand outstretched, possessed with a sudden, mad longing to take back all that she had said.

It was too late.

"You have given me the plot of a life-time," said John Kinley slowly, as with dazed eyes he folded the

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precious slips into his pocket-book. "Please God, it will make our fortunes; will prove the turning-point in both our lives!"

. . . . . .

The evening express from Liverpool was running swiftly through the night. The train was full, and most of the exhausted passengers slept in the various attitudes of extreme discomfort incidental to a protracted railway journey. In a first-class carriage, a man, with a rug snugly arranged round his knees, was trying to read, sleep far from his eyes.

The words danced before his eyes, yet he persevered. The name "San Francisco" detached itself at last from the close lines of print, and swam within his vision. The scene that followed was familiar. He read on; no more anxious glances through darkened windows for lights of town or station; no more languid turning over of leaves, accompanied by stifled yawns, but the quick, brisk sound that told of newly awakened interest. His brows were knit, his face pale, he read like one in a dream. As the train drew up at Euston in the grey dawn, this man, with clean-cut profile and china-blue eyes, unstirred by soft emotions, was still reading with the air of a man who confronts the scenes of his past life.

In the evening of the same day Fenella was unwontedly busy. She was seeing her husband off; most women know the turmoil this occasions in a flat. With the absent-mindedness of genius he had, of course, mislaid his collar-studs, his evening tie, and spent a frantic half-hour trying to unearth from beneath a mass of MSS. an important article destined to see light in one of the morning's papers.

John Kinley was on his way to an evening reception, given in his honour by a distinguished literary society, for, since the publication of his novel, "The History of a Woman's Life," he had become famous. This evening it was a men's gathering, and Fenella was glad of the excuse not to accompany her husband. She worshipped the glory that had come to him through this book, but she could not ignore the uneasy feeling that it had been gained through the traffic in her own flesh and blood—the secret of its origin haunted her.

She had read the novel through once after it was finished, and admitted that it was a work of genius. John Kinley had breathed life into the bare words. Ghosts of past memories leapt out and mocked at her from the glowing pages, while all kinds of feelings—passions that she had long believed dead—awoke within her. Fenella tried to recover the feeling of calm serenity that had been hers now for many years past, yet she was conscious of such turmoil of mind as rendered it impossible. This made her kiss more perfunctory than usual as she bade her husband "Good-bye," and watched him as, with a lingering, wistful look upon his face which she had not yet learnt to understand, he walked down the long staircase.

Fenella took up her work and seated herself in the window. It was too hot to sew, but the mere feel of the embroidery between her fingers gave her something tangible by which to anchor her mind in this flood of conflicting memories. For she, who had never seen her life in its entirety until it was put before her in that awful black and white, now realised to the full the bitter suffering she had been forced to undergo.

A knock at the door interrupted her musings. She sprang to open it. When she realised the identity of her visitor, the shock sent her reeling back against the wall in a dumb, agonised amazement.

"It's you—it's you!" she gasped. The table was between them now. With a woman's rapid intuition, she recognised that the lover of her youth had altered, aged, deteriorated, that there was nothing, could never be anything, between them now but the ashes of a dead and dreadful past.

The stranger's blue eyes were riveted on her face. He did not speak, but continued to stare at her as though refreshing his mind with the sight of her real presence. In him, too, the perusal of the book had awakened memories.

"You—here!" Fenella was almost inaudible in her dismay.

He affected a mock ease of manner, though doubtful of his reception. "I should have been here before only—only, Fenella, my darling. It seems centuries since we met. Have you forgotten?"

Her courage came back to her at the tone of his voice. She faced him calmly, laying her two hands on the table in a characteristic attitude, as she looked him fairly and squarely between the eyes.

"You have read the book?" she challenged him, "and got my name from the publishers. My God! I never thought of that!"

There ensued a long silence. She was summing him up feature by feature with the cruel, critical acuteness of the woman who no longer loves. He was dazzled by her beauty, piqued by her obvious indifference to himself, anxious and uneasy, not quite knowing how to reopen his overtures of affection.

"So you are married, they tell me—and respectable!" he remarked, gazing appraisingly round the flat with its carefully chosen furniture. "H'm, shows taste, I see. Suppose he is the traditional, conventional British husband; knows nothing of the stormy passages of your youth; recalls it as a young and innocent epoch!"

"I *was* young and innocent." Fenella closed her eyes and bit her lips in the agony of suppressing the wild, tempestuous words that surged to her lips. If she could only turn him out—but she was alone.

"Young and innocent," he repeated sarcastically; "they all say that!"

He must not tell John. The very thought was agony. She tried to be conciliatory.

"Surely we knew what love was, you and I, until you sacrificed me to your ambition?" she pleaded, infusing a shade of softness into her trembling voice. "I always thought you meant to marry me in the end. In intent I was innocent, God knows! Your wife, where is she?"

"Dead," he answered, laconically.

"Poor soul, I envy her!" cried Fenella, bitterly.

"She was happy enough while she lived," laughed the man, ironically. "Gad! How trustful some women are!"

"Go, I hate you!"

"You can't love your husband?"

"Yes, I do. No—not when I first married him. Woman-like, I still clung to a memory. It was his genius versus my beauty—a fair exchange. Now, I have learnt what love is, and it hurts—it hurts!"

"Come!"

"I won't leave him, I tell you. I won't confess

(Continued on page 244)

To Win Fresh Laurels

MISS ADA REEVE ON BOARD "THE MAJESTIC" EN ROUTE FOR NEW YORK

Miss Ada Reeve, one of the most popular of our musical-comedy artists, sketched by Mr. J. Balliol Salmon on board "The Majestic" prior to sailing for New York last Thursday week. She is to undertake an extensive tour in the States

(Continued from page 242)

either. The last conventional resort of a weak mind. Besides, I have lived it down."

"I shall tell your husband." If she would not be induced to go by fair means, he would bully her into coming. She, the matured, experienced woman was doubly seductive in the eyes of this world-wearied man.

He went up to her and caught her wrists. "Don't you know that you are tainted in a good man's eyes? You have no right to bear his name, to be the mother of his children. Come—if I deserted you it was because of my poverty. As for me, I love you; I have always loved you. There is no other woman in the world for me. Come!"

His face was close to hers. She could feel his breath coming and going on her cheek. Fenella tried to draw herself away; the close contact was odious to her.

The folding doors into the adjoining white bedroom opened to admit John Kinley.

His little humped-up figure was almost regal in its bearing. His faraway, misty eyes were ablaze with vivid fires, his tender lips made a straight, thin line across his ashen-white face.

The pause that followed seemed to last a lifetime.

John skirted the table and held open the door with a strained politeness. There was murder in his face.

"You had better go," he said, quietly. With a hasty glance at the other's expression, the stranger turned and left the room.

Fenella still stood there. There was nothing to be said, nothing to be done. They were beyond the reach of explanations. She walked unsteadily to the window, picked up her work and arranged it on the table. The movement was mechanical, but it helped her.

After that she did not move or speak. The crisis had come, as she had known it must. Fenella was not surprised; she had expected it. Nay, she was glad—glad that the truth was out at last. Now that she genuinely loved her husband, she could not bear that anything in her life should be concealed from him.

She turned and faced him proudly; but a close observer might have marked the trembling of the corners of her lips, unlike the calm fortitude with which she had faced the lover of her youth.

John would never forgive her. Fenella was prepared for that, for the husband's conventional outburst against the woman who had lived with another man before she came to share his bed and board. She would abide by his decision.

John stood looking down into the fire, his arm on the mantelpiece so as partly to shield his face.

He spoke with great deliberation—the little humped-up figure still full of dignity. Only he did not once turn towards his wife.

"I merely bade him go, Fenella, because what we have to discuss is better said between two than three. Listen! I married you for your beauty. There was passion if you like, but I was, perhaps, too much absorbed by my art at first to love you truly. You wished to marry a rising man. Yes—I know. You were quite right. It was a machine-made marriage; a matter of exchange and barter on either side. Your beauty versus my brains, only—only, if I confess the truth, the hardness of the bargain was mitigated on my side by a little love. A love, that in the intimacy of our life together has grown and grown until——" he broke off in sudden, uncontrollable emotion, then resumed more quietly. "With a man's cursed folly I never dreamed somehow that you might have loved before; that there had been anyone but me in your life. I have learnt much since. I must tell you before we part—for my intention is to set you fully free that you may marry him—that when I came unexpectedly upon you two this night——"

"You overheard?" Strong passion was vibrating in her voice.

"It is totally untrue! I returned for the manuscript that I suddenly remembered I had left in the little room. Your voices were raised in excitement, argument. I overheard nothing but the word 'Come.' Then I knew!"

"How did you know?" Fenella was aghast at his knowledge, though a minute before she rejoiced that he should learn at last.

He went to his bookcase and took down the novel. He skimmed the pages here and there with a practised eye, and handed the volume to his wife.

"Can't you see that I have drawn no imaginary woman for my heroine? That it is you—you—you! I roughed out the story as you revealed it to me, and only in writing it out did I know, with a rapid, fatal intuition, that it was your own life. After all, I must have learnt the truth sooner or later, for man and wife cannot live together for a term of years without some telepathic communion of thought between them. I felt, too, that you loved him. I shall not stand between you. Go to him, Fenella."

She threw up her head with an odd gesture of pride. So John would cast her off; he refused to have a tainted woman for his wife. Very well, she would go; she would not defend herself. Her things could follow her.

Fenella walked upstairs to the pretty bedroom, and slowly put on her hat and coat. It was the end of all things for her. She could not think clearly, but she was at least resolved that it was to solitude she was going, and not with—him.

When she re-entered the room, John was still in the same attitude, his face white and set. Fenella held out her hand to her husband, and he took it without a word. She walked to the door with all the composure she could muster; as she was about to pass through, the braid of her coat caught the lock, and she was forced to stoop to disentangle it. The sudden halt brought her to herself. Ere she left for ever she would tell him the truth. Nothing mattered now.

"Good-bye, John, good-bye; I loved you."

Fenella vanished through the door. But John, recovering from the first shock of stunned surprise, pursued her, caught her up at the head of the stairs.

"Is it possible that you really love me?" He asked in awed accents.

"I think I must have always loved you."

"And he—that man?" John could not quite grasp his good fortune as yet.

"Can't you understand that I hate him. Oh, my God, if only I could live it down!"

"You shall, my darling, you shall," he cried passionately, covering her trembling hands with kisses.

"I am not strong enough," was her sobbing answer.

"We shall be doubly strong—together."

GLADYS LLOYD

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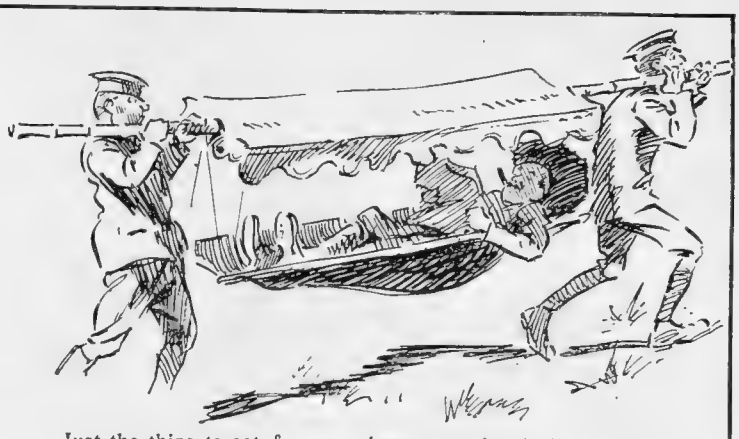
The adjustable covert-side chair would save the fag of standing for long stretches



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The canvas-roofed butt for rainy days

A "bridging section" should certainly accompany the shooters

A portable stove for chilly extremities

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And—at 1 p.m.—why not something on these lines

With the praiseworthy object of making everyone happy, "The Bystander" commissioned Mr. J. L. C. Booth to supply some reliable hints for the greater ease of our shooting readers. We publish them with renewed faith in our role of public benefactor

By Field, Stream & Covert.

The Season and the Durbar

I find my tailor, my hatter, my bootmaker all grumbling about the falling-off in orders during the past month. Usually October is a time of high pressure with the tradespeople who cater for the wants of hunting people, but this year things have been slacker than usual. The reason, however, is obvious, and not at all alarming. The Durbar is the counter-attraction. Hundreds of keen foxhunters will be away with their King and Queen during the winter months. For them polo and pigsticking will for the time being supplant the joys of riding to hounds. Officers on service in India who usually spend their leave in the English hunting-field will not be coming home this time owing to the gorgeous ceremonials in the East. And so many familiar faces, including at least two popular M.F.H.'s, will be missing from the covertside for the greater part of the ensuing season.

Photograph *Howard Barratt*

MR. THOMAS WILSON

Who has just resigned the Mastership of the Burton Hounds, a position he has held since 1888

Moderate Cubhunting

Cubhunting has not been altogether successful this year. There are plenty of foxes in most places, but the shortage of rain until last week was all against the work of the young hounds. Perhaps conditions have been worse in the South-Western countries than anywhere else. Will Dale, who is no less keen because he has retired from his official position with the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds, wrote to me in mid-October from the Badminton country. "We get no rain here and no scent," he said. "It is the worst cubhunting I have known in fifty-one years' service." Will Dale, by the way, is to receive to-day a splendid testimonial. The subscriptions amount to £2,250, of which £2,020 is to be laid out on an annuity bringing in £155 6*s*. 8*d*. per annum. In addition, the Duke of Beaufort has given him a house as well as two horses, so that he may still ride regularly with hounds.

Fair Play for Hounds

On the eve of a new season it is as well to bear in mind that every individual follower of hounds has it in his own hands to strengthen the position of foxhunting and to make it more enjoyable to others. The fault of over-riding hounds is all too prevalent, and is a source of continual exasperation to many Masters. It must, of course, not be imagined that over-riding hounds is a modern delinquency. I think it was Hugo Meynell, the father of foxhunting, who, in describing what went on in the hunting-field, used to say, "First out of covert comes Cecil Forester, then the fox, and lastly my hounds." This was in the eighteenth century, so you see that over-riding hounds has not been lately introduced. But, of course, the antiquity of the offence is in no sense extenuating, and at a time when opening meets are being held it would be well for impatient and inconsiderate thrusters to remember that they are spoiling sport by their failure to conform to the etiquette of the field.

What Huntsmen Say

Several old huntsmen have lately expressed their opinion that this flagrant over-riding of hounds is one of the worst evils of modern foxhunting. They are practically unanimous on the subject. "Hounds," writes one, "are not allowed time and room to hunt their fox on a bad scenting day, as the huge and eager crowd are always riding on top of or over them." Another veteran of the chase says: "In my young days, when hounds checked, the field used to stand until they hit off the line again, but now the riders all follow the huntsman round as he makes his casts, and they do not give hounds time to work out the line." There is no need to enlarge here upon various other sources of annoyance to Masters of Hounds, but I think it can be fairly said that there was less trouble in this respect last season than for several winters past. The reason for this was the large proportion of good scenting days. Hounds were able to keep briskly on the move, and huntsmen were not so frequently bothered by ignorant or thoughtless followers. We are hoping for similarly favourable conditions in the season now starting.

A. W. C.

French Nobility at the Hunt

PRINCE MURAT

PRINCESS MURAT AND THE YOUNG PRINCES MURAT

THE MARQUISE DE L'AIGLE

A PLEASANT LITTLE INCIDENT

Presenting the trophy of the chase to a bold horsewoman

Photographs C. Chusseau-Flavins

THE DUCHESSE D'UZÉS (in centre)

THE MARQUISE DE NOAILLE AND MME. MIRABEAU

WELL-KNOWN RIDERS WITH A FASHIONABLE FRENCH PACK

Hunting flourishes as much in France to-day as it did in the time of Louis XIV., and many of the customs and usages of the chase there differ little from those that were observed centuries ago. It is estimated that as much as sixty million francs are spent annually on hunting in France, which is clear evidence of the popularity of the sport

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

An American Novel

A number of people in this country first heard of David Graham Phillips when he was murdered a little while ago by some man with a fancied grievance. In America, however, his name had been well known for some years. According to a criticism which appeared in New York during the very week of his death, Phillips "is a rather important factor in the development of American fiction at the present day. We could name on the fingers of one hand the contemporary novelists who, like Mr. Phillips, are devoting themselves to depicting and studying the big ethical and social problems of their own country and generation, and doing it in a big, bold, comprehensive way, with a certain epic sweep and magnitude. And among these few none is more in earnest than Mr. Phillips, none striving more patiently to do the thing in the best, most forceful, most craftsmanlike manner." This is high praise, and I am wondering how far it is deserved. What I presume to be Mr. Phillips's last novel is now published under the title of *The Grain of Dust* (Appletons : 6*s*.). Well, the book is good—it is the sort of book in which you wonder what on earth is going to happen, and how the people are going to sort themselves out. And yet, primarily, it is a book of temperaments, with no very startling idea, no very startling character. It is a long book about one or two people, but each of these people has been worked at deftly and thoroughly. The end, however, is disappointing, though precisely why I cannot say. It is probably the right ending. When I read the book I did not notice that an article upon the dead author's work had been bound up with it, and I was not prepared for the book to end where it did. This may be a grossly unfair way of looking at things—I cannot help it. I expected another fifty pages, and when they were not forthcoming, it seemed to me that something was wrong. (Here is a subtle point which you may puzzle out for yourselves.)

MISS MARY ANDERSON
(Madame Navarro)

Who, in collaboration with Mr Robert Hichens, dramatised the latter's novel, "The Garden of Allah." The play was recently produced in New York with great success, Mr. Lewis Waller playing the leading rôle

The Great Passion

"A grain of dust dropped into a watch movement in just the right place—you know what happens." That is the theme. Dorothy Hallowell, a typewriter girl, is the grain of dust. She is a queer, elusive young person, whose one idea is to make life easy for her father, a chemical fanatic. She comes into the office of a successful young lawyer, Frederick Norman, one of those big-brained, big-bodied, magnetic Americans, unburdened by scruples, who are just at the moment in high favour with the novelists. At the time of Miss Hallowell's appearance, Norman is engaged to an heiress. Miss Hallowell is obviously the last person to attract his attention. That she does is unbelievable—to Norman. But when his friend and head clerk, Billy Tetlow, shows signs of wishing to marry her, Norman is frantically jealous. He is so jealous that he breaks off his engagement, and gives himself entirely up to Miss Hallowell. He helps her father. He offers her marriage. He is one of those men who really fall *madly* in love. She allows him to kiss her, and detests it. She is grateful, but despises him, and, unlike all the other women he has been meeting, does not hesitate to tell him so. He is determined to have her, but his broken engagement has brought trouble. The heiress's father is powerful: Norman is obliged to resign from his firm. His friends desert him, he becomes poor, and all the time he is sufficiently master of himself to understand that Miss Hallowell may merely be "playing the game" of ambitious young girls. For a time he loses sight of her, but finds her again by the aid of his former head clerk, now cured of his infatuation. She has degenerated. Some of her simplicity has gone. She is losing caste, and you can hardly wonder at it. But he again offers to marry her, and this time is accepted. They are married, and immediately all his old powers, obscured while she had thwarted him, return. But she has never realised what marriage means. She leaves him, but only for a time, for the faithful Tetlow brings her

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back, and from that time Norman's fortunes improve. His passion, however, decreases. I do not know why. She is frightened of him, and is not really his wife. A child is born, however, and then it is her turn to fall in love with him, and the book ends with the discovery that he is really and truly attached to his home and his wife. I daresay he is—but I regret those fifty pages that never existed.

Captivity

The earlier chapters of Mr. Roy Horniman's new novel, *Captivity* (Methuen: 6*s*.), treat of prison life in a manner which has never, so far as I know, been equalled. Hugh Lestrange, a young man, is falsely accused of murder, and convicted. He serves fifteen years' penal servitude. It is difficult to conceive what this really means, but Mr. Horniman manages to convey an extraordinary sense of reality to his pages. Hugh's life, both in prison and directly after his release, is painted with an almost uncanny brush. And the psychology of the whole thing is amazing. The tragedy of it all stirs you to rebellion, but you feel the impotence of rebellion, and you understand well enough the implicit obedience that has been engendered in the unfortunate man. But once he has gained back some of his normality, you lose interest in him, and, to my mind, the book is spoilt when the mystery of the "murder" is explained. Candidly, it is difficult to believe that a piece of blotting-paper bearing important evidence could escape the researches of your modern detective, even if he did not happen to exist solely within the covers of a novel. But for the sake of the earlier chapters, the book should certainly be read; they make up a document of great power and great beauty.

Masquerading

The idea of a girl masquerading as a man is used often enough, and will continue to be used until the end of time. Maude Annesley uses it in her new novel, *All Awry* (Mills and Boon: 6*s*.)—this is surely the most unexpected of all the thousands of titles made up from quotations from Fitzgerald's great poem!—but the title, for all that, is good, and so is the story. Sir Allison Mayne's five children are delightful. A stranger would take them for five boys, but one, Clo, is a girl, much to her own annoyance and disgust. She wears boy's clothes, swims, and rides, and fights like a boy, and behaves in the manner of the usual male hero. On her father's death from drowning you are not altogether surprised to hear that she wishes to play the man in earnest. She is tired of Society. Most unfortunately, she is beautiful, and idiotic men make love to her. They kiss her—the fools. She wants friends, but this business of sex is "rot." So she persuades the family lawyer to get her a post as assistant-purser on a liner. So away she goes to sea, and becomes "Mayne," and makes friends with the third officer, Mark Wykeham. There comes a terrific storm, and Wykeham and the girl are shipwrecked on a desert island. And then there comes a delicious account of how two people proceed under such uncomfortable circumstances. But "Mayne" meets with an accident, and her sex is revealed. The third officer, indeed, was, apparently, not so ignorant of things as he seemed to be. He makes love, which is, of course, vastly irritating of him; but once again in England—they were rescued before long—she is ready to admit that there may even be something in love. In fact, she is ashamed to be found by her brother taking rather more care than is usual with her dresses. And that is proof positive—in a woman. Ralph Straus

"IT'S A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE NAVY": GUN-ROOM OFFICERS OF H.M.S. "INDOMITABLE" READING "THE BYSTANDER" AFTER "COAL SHIP"

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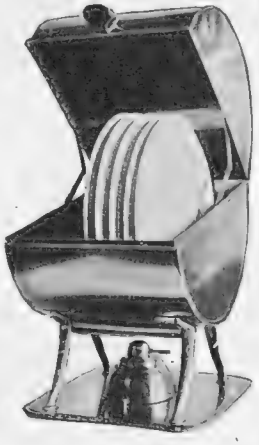

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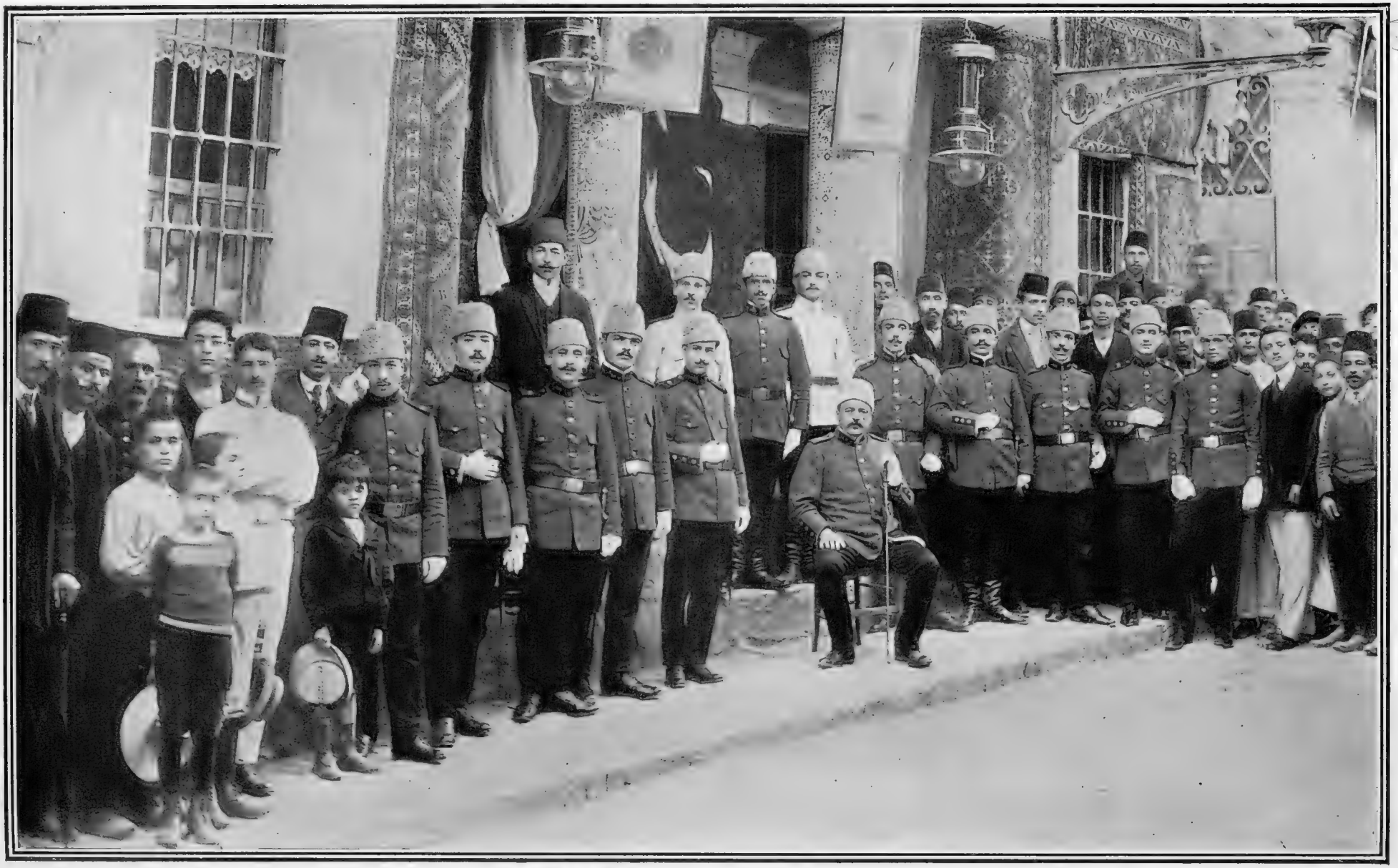

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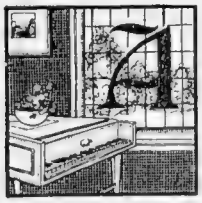


A METHOD of furnishing which is gaining too much ground is that of going to one of the leading houses in the trade, informing the firm how much you are prepared to spend, and leaving them to furnish for you from basement to attic. The result is often a handsome house of furniture, sometimes a fairly comfortable dwelling, but never a home. For a man's home should be a reflection of himself, almost a further and outward development of his own personality, and it is as impossible that an individual can find himself in harmony with such a ready-made *milieu* as that he can look his best in a suit of ready-made clothes. To the moderately observant it is easy to infer a good deal of the trend of a man's nature and habits from an inspection of the rooms he inhabits. His surroundings, like his garments, are, to an extent, an expression of himself, and there are few men who allow their tailors to clothe them without themselves selecting the materials from which their garments shall be cut. I am quite ready to admit the wisdom of being guided—though not too slavishly—by the tailor's advice, and similarly in furnishing the best results are no doubt

to be obtained if you go to work in collaboration, as it were, with some firm of renowned artistry and experience, indulging your own personal taste and at the same time profiting by the counsel you will receive and the practical knowledge that will be imparted to you.

That, I think, is the ideal way of furnishing, and I know of no firm in such case to be of better service in this connection than that of Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher. The force of this statement must be realised, I think, by anyone visiting their handsome establishment at 217 and 218, Tottenham Court Road. Furniture of different periods and in different styles are there to be seen arranged in admirable groups and amid suitable decorations such as they might adorn in their ultimate homes. As guides to the art of furnishing these groupings are not to be surpassed. Endless variations will suggest themselves, in which a patron's own individuality will find expression, and for the carrying out of such variations Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher's showrooms afford the most abundant materials. The amazing extent of their collection of antique furniture renders their establishment a veritable museum which it is an education to visit, whilst their display of beautiful reproductions is scarcely less remarkable—for this is a branch of their trade which they have developed into an art, and in which they stand alone. The influence of the old master cabinet-makers is one with which they have become deeply imbued, and it is reflected in their display of purely modern and original designs, elegance and good taste prevailing everywhere. The fruits of their wide experience are at the disposal of their clients, and whilst I advise all who are about to furnish to place themselves in Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher's hands, I particularly extend this advice to those who may lack confidence in their own taste and who might, in consequence, be tempted to adopt that modern method which I am deprecating.

A LETTER FILE FOR PRIVATE USE

Price in Mahogany
£2 : 17 : 6

Also in Oak, or Cloth-Covered at lower prices.

One place for all letters and documents.

Times.—"By this system the most complex body of documents can be arranged with admirable simplicity."

Write for full particulars to the ORIGINATORS OF THE VERTICAL SYSTEM.

CERES, Ltd.,
84, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

PURE DRINKING WATER

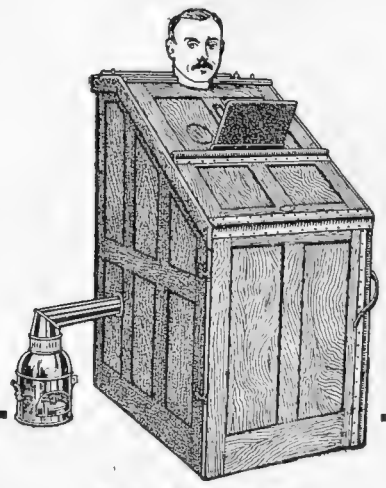
is a necessity in every house.

A "BERKEFELD" FILTER

at a small cost will give you pure and germ-free water. Think of your children's health.

Write for Catalogue "C" to

THE BERKEFELD FILTER CO., Ld.
121, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.



FOOT'S
TURKISH BATH CABINET

All the delights and benefits of every form of Hot Air, Vapour, Perfumed, and Medicated Baths can be enjoyed privately, economically, and with absolute safety in your own room.

Our Patent Folding Cabinets possess several exclusive advantages and embrace every desirable feature. No others are so safe or give such entire satisfaction. The following are some points of their superiority.

1st—Efficient and Absolutely Safe Outside Heater.
2nd—Adjustable Seat.
3rd—Heat Regulator.
4th—The Bather is not fastened by the neck to the Cabinet.
5th—Exit is easy and immediate. No assistant is required.
6th—Durability and Perfect Hygiene.

Prices from 35s.

Write for "Bath Book" No. 22.

J. FOOT & SON, LTD. (Dept. B 22), 171, New Bond Street, LONDON, W.

HORLICK'S
MALTED
MILK

BARLEY, WHEAT AND MILK
in Powder Form.

THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK FOR ALL AGES.

Delicious, nourishing and refreshing.

The wholesome nutrition of pure, rich milk and choice malted grain, supplying strength and vigour, with little tax on digestion.

PREPARED IN A MOMENT WITH WATER. NO COOKING.

Used instead of tea, coffee or cocoa at meals develops healthy bodies and clear brains. Equally useful to the vigorous and the weak, the business or professional man, the youth, the maid, the mother, the child, or the infant.

An Efficient Corrective of Insomnia. Taken Hot Before Retiring.

In Glass Bottles, **1/6, 2/6, 11/-**, at all Chemists and Stores.
Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK COMPANY,
SLOUGH, BUCKS, ENGLAND.

The
Night
of the
Bath

If you want to make the Children's Bath Night a time of joy and delight, and in every way a success, see that **PEARS' SOAP** is used. There is a special charm about **PEARS'** that you do not find in any other. It is so soft, soothing, and grateful to the children's delicate skins that they take a real pleasure in having it as their Companion of the Bath. But, more than all, it completely cleanses and purifies the skin, and preserves its youthful bloom unimpaired. This efficacy arises from the fact that **PEARS** is all pure soap of the very highest quality.

(Copyright)

County "Rugger" at Richmond

MIDDLESEX v. SURREY

THE MIDDLESEX FIFTEEN

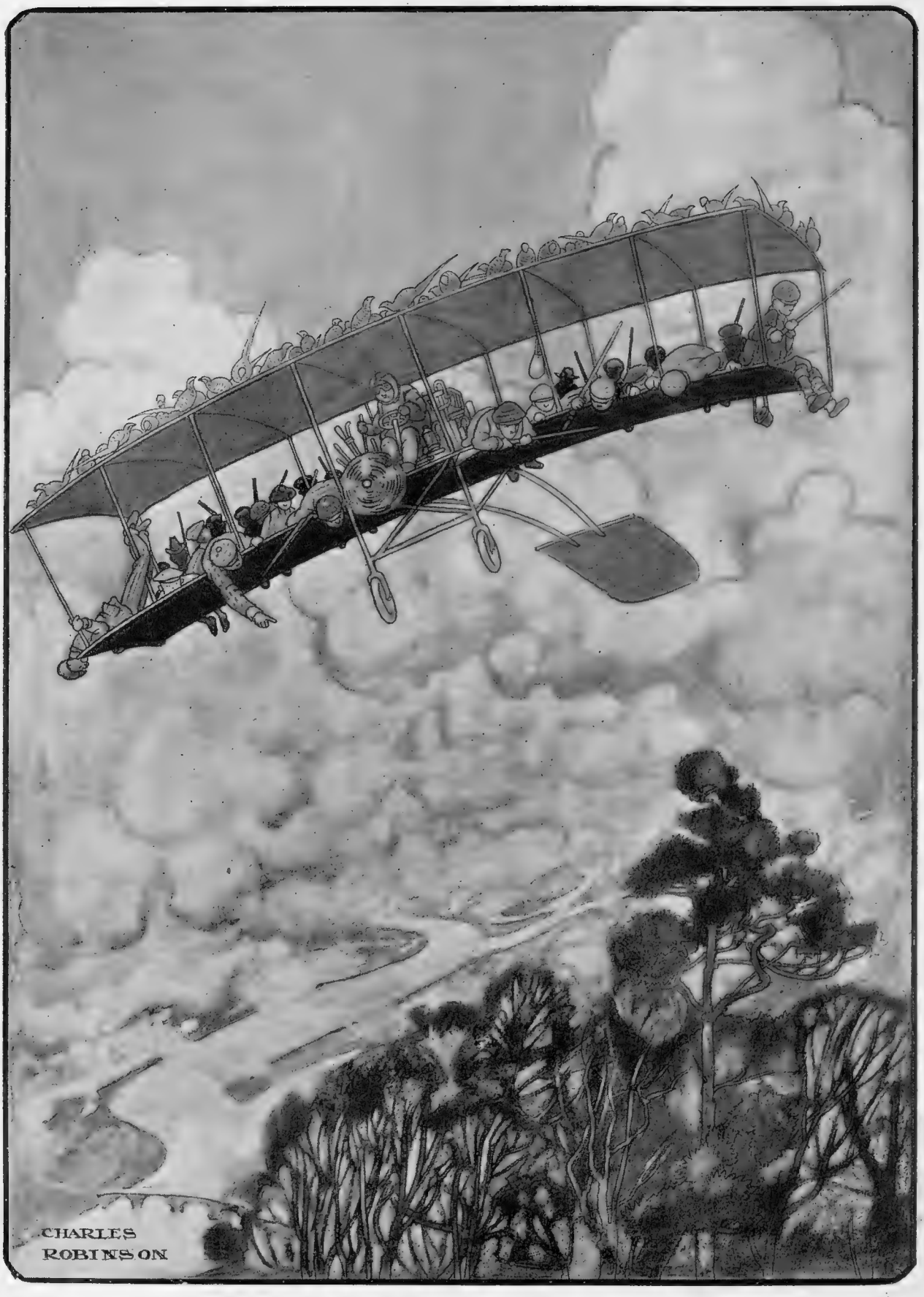
A THROW IN TO THE "BUNCH"

"WELL TACKLED!" AN ADVANCE BY SURREY NIPPED IN THE BUD

Photographs] THE SURREY FIFTEEN [*Dixon*

This match in the South Eastern group of the County Championship Competition was won by Middlesex by five goals (one from a mark) and four tries (35 points) to a goal and four tries (17 points). As the score indicates, both sides were stronger in attack than defence

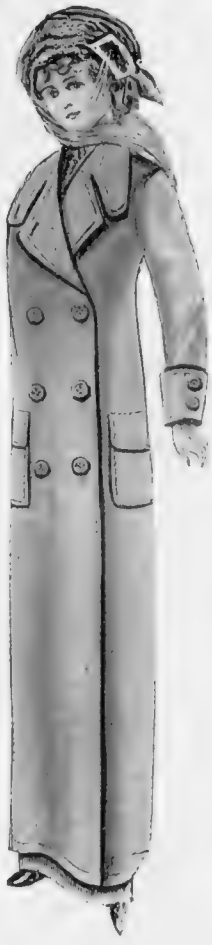
Answer: On the Planes



Up-to-date Sportsmen (who have tried to shoot pheasants by aeroplane): "Now, where on earth have the bally birds taken cover?"

D. H. EVANS & Co Ltd

Motor Requisites.



No. 130 BW.

Our Indispensable

Slip-on Coat.

In Real Harris Tweeds, well-built. A favourite shape for country and comfort.

Moderately priced at **63/-**

No. 1 BM.

A Pretty Motor Bonnet.

In Coney Seal.
Price **21/9**

In Grey Squirrel.
Price **39/6**

No. 34 BK.—**Shetland Wool Spencers.**
GUARANTEED HAND-KNIT.
These are the Real Shetland Goods as supplied by us to Royalty. Warmth without weight; delightfully comfortable. Perfect fitting. White or Grey.
Post free, **1/11½**

No. 143 BW.

"The Auto." Natural Musquash Fur.

Lined Satin.
Smart Shape. Full Size.
Price **12½** Guineas.

Also Lined Squirrel Lock.
Price **14** Guineas.

D. H. EVANS & CO., Ltd., 290 to 320, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.,
Pay Carriage throughout United Kingdom.
Telephone: 620 GERRARD (connecting all Departments). Telegraphic Address: "EVANTHES," LONDON.

A Woman's Thoughts.—4.

"Won't Harry be pleased when he finds out how economical I am! Why I make my tiny allowance go *ever* so far. Just because I keep my eyes open and am not too proud to *learn*. I don't know when it was I bought my winter's dresses, ages ago. And they're still as good as new—thanks to Achille Serre. To be ready for winter I sent off all my warm things to be dry-cleaned, and they came back as smart and fresh-looking as when new. And Achille Serre charge so little and do the work so well and quickly—*they* make my allowance go twice as far!"

For full particulars of the Achille Serre way and dainty brochure write to

ACHILLE SERRE, Ltd.,

(Nettoyage à Sec.)
HACKNEY WICK, LONDON, E.
'Phone: 3710 East.
Head West End Branch: 263, OXFORD STREET, W.
'Phone: 3971 Gerrard.
Branches and Agencies Everywhere.

EAU DE JEUNESSE

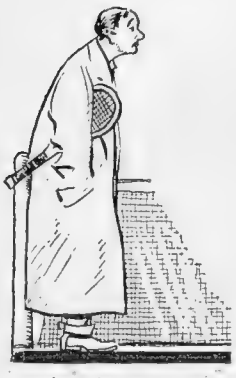
JANE HADING

The famous Face Lotion to which **Jane Hading** owes her Youth and Beauty.

The Bottle, 8/6 post free

from the General Depot:

38, Rue du Mont-Thabor, PARIS.



ARMS AND THE MAN

A LAWN TENNIS TRAVESTY

THE Editor sat in the editorial chair with a frown upon his expansive brow. He was glancing through the proof-sheets of his paper—a recognised authority on the game of lawn tennis—which was just going to press, and he had just got to the advertisements relating to that popular pastime.

As he read the frown upon his brow deepened, and presently he assumed a more upright position and began to study the lawn tennis advertisements more intently.

The first one he came to was something like this :—

SLAPBANGERS

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE was WON

for the Second Year in succession, with a

SLAPBANGER RACKET;

and then came an illustration of the racket, with particulars as to its price, where it could be obtained, etc., etc.

The second advertisement ran :—

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR THE POLYHEDRON!

This well-known racket has lately added

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE

to the list of its many successes.

Come and have the Match-winning Properties of the

LIVELY POLYHEDRON

explained to you at our Showrooms.

The address of the showrooms, with a picture of the Polyhedron, copies of testimonials, etc., followed.

Then came :—

DO YOU EVER USE A D. A. M.?

If not,

Use one NOW!

THE CHAMPION OF THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE

used one on the occasion of his

BRILLIANT WIN

in that Event.

It derives its name from the initials of a well-known player, who has given us the benefit of his knowledge and experience in producing a racket which is

PERFECT IN EVERY DETAIL.

Particulars as to price, etc., as before, were appended.

The Editor turned uneasily in his chair, and, stretching out his hand, pressed an electric button in the wall. The sub-editor promptly entered from an adjoining room.

"Look here, Perkins, I have come across the advertisements of *three* different firms who all claim that the Championship of the Northern Hemisphere was won with their make of racket. Are there any more of 'em?"

"Oh, yes," replied the sub-editor, cheerfully. "Two."

"But, hang it, man, there must be some mistake somewhere," the Editor protested. "The fellow can't have played with five rackets at once!"

"No, he can't. But, anyway, it's no concern of ours, is it?" queried the sub.

The Editor lit a cigarette impatiently and puffed hard. "Perhaps it isn't. But it looks so d——d silly. What?"

"Perhaps he changed them," Perkins suggested.

"Changed what?"

"The rackets."

"Changed his racket for a different one five times in the course of a match? It couldn't be done. It couldn't be done, Perkins," reiterated the Editor testily. "It would put any man clean off his game."

The sub-editor picked up the last issue of the paper abstractedly and opened it. "I didn't mean that," he said.

"Then what the devil *do* you mean?" cried the Editor, getting more and more excited.

The sub-editor, having found what he wanted, laid the paper down again. "There were six rounds in the Northern Hemisphere Championship, weren't there?" he asked.

"Well?"

"Wouldn't it be possible to use a different racket in each round? Of course, *you* know more about this than I do."

The Editor looked mollified. "By Jove! I believe you've hit it. All the same, though," he added, "it would be interesting to know which one he really used in the final."

"Oh, you needn't worry about that," said the sub-editor.

"Why not?"

"Don't you remember? I have just turned it up. The final was a walk-over. The other man in the final had to leave before it could be played."

The Editor chuckled. "So that the winner didn't really win with any racket at all, eh, Perkins?"

"No," Perkins agreed; "and yet he won with each one of them if you look at it the other way on."

"Ripping!" ejaculated the Editor. "These advertisers of ours *are* nuts, aren't they?"

"I am inclined to think that the champion of the Northern Hemisphere is a bit of a nut, too."

"I guess you're about right. It must be a fine thing to be a champion!"

"A fine thing indeed," echoed the sub-editor.

And the two winked at each other gravely.

The Royal Commission

in their final report on Tuberculosis, recently issued, clearly showed that the chief danger to child life resulted from the use of infected cow's milk. To quote one extract : "The Evidence we have accumulated goes to demonstrate that a considerable amount of the tuberculosis of childhood is to be ascribed to infection transmitted to children in meals consisting largely of the milk of the cow." When the mother's milk is not available, the "Allenburys" Foods form the best substitute, as they are practically identical with healthy human milk in composition, nutritive value and digestibility, and are absolutely free from all harmful germs.

The 'Allenburys' Foods

promote sound sleep, ensure vigorous health and development, and represent the most successful method of Infant Feeding ever devised.

Milk Food No 1. From birth to 3 months.
Milk Food No. 2. From 3 to 6 months.
Malted Food No. 3. From 6 months upwards.

A Pamphlet "Infant Feeding and Management" sent Free.

ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.,
Lombard Street, London.

F 102

SEALSKIN

Callorhinus ursinus

The treaty about to be ratified between England and the various Powers interested in the Seal industry is of particular importance both to furriers and the general public. Pelagic fishing will be a thing of the past, and, in order to prevent the herd being exterminated, only a selected number of picked bachelor seals will be slaughtered each year. A very limited number of these will find their way into the English market for some years to come, and it is thought that before the rookeries can be restocked prices will be doubled.

Sealskin Coat made from very fine and silky South Sea skins, scarcely distinguishable from fine North West skins.

30 inches long - £30
36 inches long - £45
45 inches long - £55
55 inches long - £69

Fur Catalogue Post Free

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square) London W

Famous for over a Century for Taste for Quality for Value

WRIGHT'S BILLIARD TABLES

Known All Over The World.

24 PRIZE MEDALS.

G. O. WRIGHT & Co., Ltd.,
7, Argyll St., Regent St., W.

Telegrams: "Billiards, London." Telephone 2013 Central.

WALTHAM WATCHES

According to the amount you wish to invest, we especially recommend, for Gentlemen, "Riverside Maximus," "Vanguard," "Crescent Street," or "Riverside," and for Ladies, "Diamond," "Riverside Maximus," "Riverside," or "Lady Waltham," each movement having the name engraved thereon.

WALTHAM WATCH CO.

(Wholesale only to the Trade),

125, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.

An interesting Booklet describing our Watches sent to the Public, Post Free, upon application.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Offers Innumerable Attractions to the Tourist and Sportsman.

SPLENDID SCENERY—CLIMATE HEALTHY AND DELIGHTFUL—A LAND OF FRUIT AND FLOWERS.

THE SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE.

Abounds in Game of all kinds, Large and Small Birds, Good Fighting Fish, including an abundance of Salmon and Trout. The Home of the Wapiti, Mountain Goat, Bighorn and Grizzly.

Eminently suitable for retired officers seeking a home beyond the seas.

Maps and photographs may be seen at the London Agency and full information obtained on application to

J. H. TURNER, Agent-General for B.C.,
Salisbury House, Finsbury Circus, London, E.C

TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS.

Instant Relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, & Whooping Cough by the use of **Potter's Asthma Cure**, in 1/- Tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send postcard to **POTTER & CLARKE, Ltd.**, Artillery Lane, London, E. *Mention this paper.*

INSTANT RELIEF.

Ackerman-Laurance

"Dry-Royal"

The best value in Sparkling Wine. 54/- *per dozen.*

RACING NOTIONS

NEWBURY PROSPECTS. By CARBINE

Should Hornet's Beauty Have Been Hooted?

Probably the incident of the last week's racing of the year at Newmarket which will remain longest in our memory was the contemptible hooting of Hornet's Beauty when this extraordinary horse lopped home in the Scarborough Stakes. The very painful episode might do the Turf a great deal of harm. It might, for example, tend so thoroughly to disgust a young owner like Sir William Cooke as to render any repetition of the hostile demonstration quite impossible. Again, it might discourage other good sportsmen who witnessed the distressing scene from meddling with the ownership of horses and its responsibilities. I have talked on the subject with many well-known men on the Turf, and a good proportion of them express the opinion that Sir William Cooke would have acted more diplomatically had he given the public a run for their money with the top-weight in the Cambridgeshire. If there was any mistake in tactics by those connected with Hornet's Beauty, which they do not admit, it was made in perfect good faith, and nothing could be more foreign either to Sir William or Mr. Peebles than a desire to mislead the public.

The Cambridgeshire Shock

"You can burn your books of form after this," exclaimed a good judge of racing when Long Set fairly spreadeagled his field in the Cambridgeshire. Those of us who had backed this horse when he failed very badly in the Duke of York Stakes could scarcely believe our eyes when we saw him sailing home with supreme comfort at the head of the field last week. These baffling changes of form keep the bookmakers out of the workhouse, if we are to believe their version of affairs. It can be accepted as an interesting fact that the majority of the bookmakers won more money over the Cambridgeshire than over any other race this year. Fortunately for backers, Thursday was a great day for the favourites, and the bookies had to disgorge much of the Cambridgeshire spoil.

Selections

This week we shall see the best sport at Newbury, where, on Friday, **Royal Sym** may follow his recent successes by winning the November Nursery. The Ormonde Stakes may go to **Wether's Well,** and the Manton Welter to **Himan.** There will be another interesting afternoon's racing on Saturday, when **Polkerries** should have no difficulty in winning the Theale Plate. The Newbury Autumn Handicap looks like attracting a good-class field, and **Dutch Girl** may pay for supporting each way. The Reading Nursery will probably be won by **Lance Chest.**

THE FIRST AEROPLANE TO BE USED IN ACTUAL WARFARE

The Turco-Italian War has exampled the vastly important part the aeroplane will play in future warfare, when it shall have reached perfection. Even now, when practically in its infancy, this "aerial spy" has proved extremely valuable to the Italian Army in Tripoli. Our photograph shows an Italian Army aviator about to ascend on a monoplane near Gargarici to reconnoitre the Turkish position

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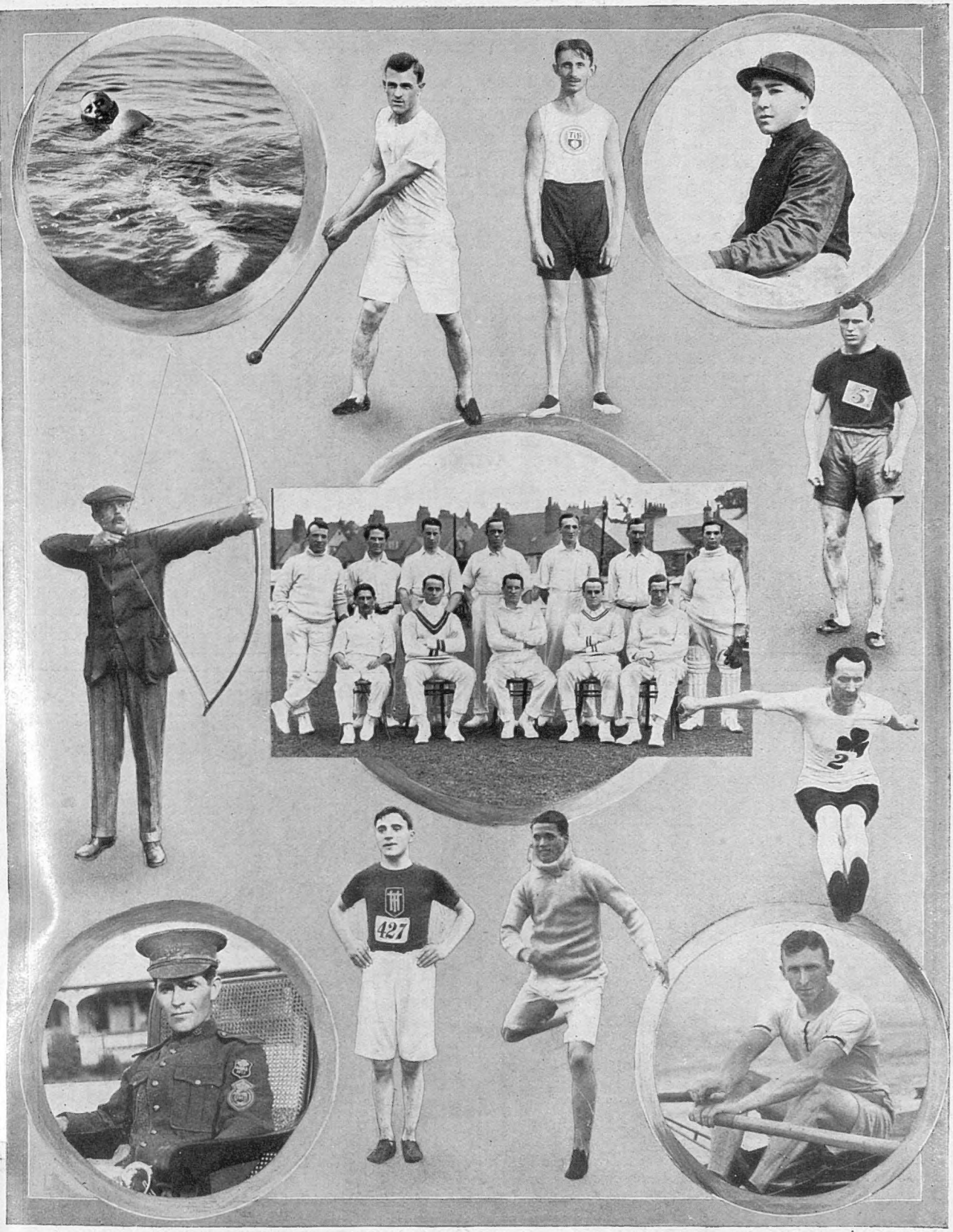
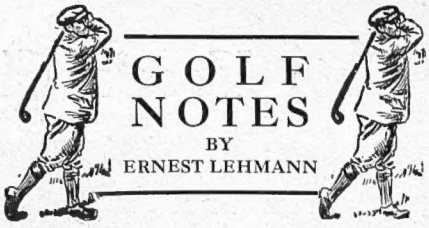
Some of This Year's Champions



Top Row (left to right): W. T. Burgess, the conqueror of the Channel; G. E. Putnam, A.A.A. champion Hammer Thrower; R. Paseman (Germany), A.A.A. champion High Jumper; F. Wootton, the leading Jockey.

Middle Row: W. Dod, champion Archer; the Warwickshire team, County Cricket champions; F. L. Ramsdell, A.A.A. Hundred Yards champion; P. Kirwan, A.A.A. champion Long Jumper.

Bottom Row: Private Clifford, King's Prizeman (Bisley); F. N. Hibbins, National Cross-Country champion: P. O'R. Phillips, A.A.A. champion Hurdler; W. D. Kinnear, Sculling champion



GOLF NOTES

BY ERNEST LEHMANN

The Management of "Galleries"

Recent experience at Walton Heath on the day of the final for the *News of the World* Prize has convinced me that the question of managing large crowds on courses in the vicinity of London requires most careful consideration. In earlier days, when golf was only just beginning to find its southern feet, there was no difficulty, for one could be almost sure that those who came to see a match would be players well versed in the game and all its traditions. But nowadays the crowd is generally a very mixed one, a great part of it consisting of people who have been drawn by the magic of great names to come and see what the game is like when played by the best experts. This mixed crowd is, apparently, possessed by one desire, to get there and keep there. For this purpose it subordinates all questions of courtesy and fairness to the players to the overmastering passion for seeing each stroke played from a point as near to the players as safety and stewards and police will permit. Indeed, safety is sometimes a minor consideration, as I have seen a player surrounded in such a way and with such a narrow avenue of people stretching out on either side of the line of his stroke that a bad slice or pull might easily lead to a fatality.

Harassed Players

It needs no emphasising to point out how irksome it must be for players to be harassed in this way. It makes the game much more difficult, and it interferes vitally with them, for they are often unable to see what the adversary is doing or has done, and so are unable to adapt their policy to the exigencies of the situation. During the Braid-Ray match there were frequent occasions when each player was surrounded by a separate crowd, so that neither player could see the other. I am not imputing the slightest blame to the Walton Heath authorities, who had taken every possible precaution in the shape of active stewards, many policemen, and indefatigable groundsmen with ropes for keeping the crowd from the putting-greens. But the activity, recklessness, and determination of the crowd were greater than they had bargained for, and defeated their best efforts during the play of the holes until the greens were reached and the ropes came into play.

Embarrassing Policemen

Now, policemen are admirable fellows, and do their very best in whatever situation they are placed, but a fairly long experience of golf crowds has convinced me that a policeman is entirely out of his element on a golf course, and emphatically the right man in the wrong place. As a rule, poor fellow, he knows nothing about the game, is generally unfamiliar with the course and its turnings and twistings, and nearly always shouts at the wrong moment, more often than not putting the player off his stroke and failing to prevent the careless individual from getting in the way. Policemen, if it is thought necessary to have them, should be kept in reserve at the club-house or in the professional's shop, so that in case of necessity they could be sent for if an individual became so obstreperous as to necessitate their intervention. The crowd, I feel sure, can always be managed perfectly well by an active body of stewards, aided by a well-drilled set of men with ropes.

The Use of the Rope

These latter must be so organised that from tee to green the crowd is kept behind the ropes and never allowed to get nearer to the players than a distance of at least fifteen yards. Protecting merely the greens with a rope is nowadays not enough—a rope is required throughout so that players may have fair play and the referee be enabled to perform his duties. It is useless, too, to hand out flags to a lot of members unless they are clearly instructed as to their duties. It would be a good thing if a conference of secretaries of metropolitan clubs were to be held at which the subject could be exhaustively discussed and some plan devised for dealing with the difficulty.

SHOOLBRED'S

TOTTENHAM HOUSE - TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD - LONDON - W.

High-class Tailoring, Hats, and Complete Outfits.

MOTOR COATS

in the Season's new shapes and materials, smart, serviceable, and practical.

The fine Coat illustrated is made in Scotch or Irish Frieze—or in West of England Waterproof Tweeds, with detachable Linings.

£5 5 TO £8 8

Similar Style, lined with Fur,

£12 TO £35

The "Pearl" Toilet Service

A beautiful representation of Mother of Pearl, with a perfect lustre and rich all Gold Handles. Single Set, 5 pieces, 21/-; Double Set, 9 pieces, 42/6

A China Trinket Set, charming shapes and decorated to match, 10 pieces, 10/6

Our Spacious Showrooms contain China and Glass to meet every purpose. A visit is cordially invited. If unable to call, write for our illustrated Leaflets.

ALFRED B. PEARCE & Co.

ONLY ADDRESS 39.LUDGATE HILL LONDON.E.C. ESTABLISHED 1760